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The Week

ANNOUNCEMENT of the Pershing expeditionary force, the fixing of midsummer dates for the drafting of the National Guard into Federal service, and Secretary Baker's forecast of September 1 as the approximate date for the calling up of the new draft army, enable us to visualize the general outlines of the General Staff's policy for bringing our strength to bear in Europe. First will go our very best soldiers, men of the Regular Army and the Marine Corps, fresh from service in Mexico and the West Indies. They will go, not merely for the purpose of exercising moral influence on the Germans and, by incurring heavy casualties, to stimulate the war feeling at home, but to hit out at the Germans as soon and as hard as they can. Immediate reinforcements for the first expedition will come, after the regular army, from the National Guard, which stands next in training and experience. Then will come the new draft army, which will have had the necessary three months of intensive training by the end of the year, while the three-quarter million men of regular army and National Guard are being utilized. Common-sense agrees with sound military policy in bringing our men into battle in the order of their fitness.

THAT part of the War Deficiency bill relating to shipping, as summarized in Washington dispatches, lacks neither vigor nor comprehensiveness. The President is authorized to place a mandatory order with any person or firm for new ships or materials; to demand of any yard or plant the whole of its output of ships or materials; and to cancel, alter, or take over any existing contract for the production of ships or material. If compliance is refused, or reasonable prices are not made, the yards or plants may be taken over by the Government. The sum of $250,000,000 is to be set aside for the purchase or requisition of ships now being built, and $500,000,000 for the construction of ships—$150,000,000 of the first sum and $250,000,000 of the second to be available immediately. It may be assumed that the bill as outlined meets the wishes of Gen. Goethals and Chairman Denman. The measure will give the Government next to absolute control of an industry which, on February 1, was building 403 steel ships of 1,495,601 tons and 161 wooden ships of 201,623 tons. Mr. Denman has announced that 250,000 additional tons have already been contracted for by the Government. American tonnage already afloat is outside the Shipping Board's control, as is shown by its simple request that owners furnish 30,000 tons of coastwise shipping for overseas commerce. But it is believed that Congress will be asked to empower the Board to commandeer coastwise ships for transatlantic service.

THE President's informally expressed opinion, that it would be hard to find parliamentary language to describe the speculator in food at such a juncture as this, undoubtedly stirred a responsive feeling in many breasts. An actual and deliberate corner in wheat, such as the Leiters and Hutchinsons "engineered" in 1898 and 1888, would not be tolerated, with the food situation of the civilized world what it is to-day. Yet there is something to say for the merits of an inquiry into all the facts surrounding the recent "three-dollar price" for wheat—an inquiry which has been curiously lacking in the remarks of statesmen, such as the Senator who opined at Washington that, "if Congress can't stop this robbery, the people will find some way, if they have to make use of the lamp-post." Such an inquiry would naturally direct itself, first, to the question who it was that bid up the wheat market to such figures, and secondly, to the question who was holding back supplies in such manner as to make possible the exorbitant price.

IT is not improbable that speculation may have had some part in the buying and selling at Chicago; though experience would apparently have taught the most hardened speculator the folly of buying wheat for the rise at $3 a bushel—quite aside from the iniquity of the transaction. What seems, however, to have been oddly obscured in the public mind is the well enough established fact that the large holders of contracts for "May delivery" of wheat on the Chicago Board of Trade were agents of those European Governments whose home situation had made necessary, as they saw it, provision which would insure continued shipment of grain to their own markets in future months. Weeks ago, it was a common saying on the Chicago grain market that such outstanding contracts, in the aggregate, covered virtually all of the estimated available surplus from the wheat crop of 1916. These Governments had been virtually bidding against one another; our own millers and consumers had been compelled to bid against such buyers in engaging their own supplies; and on top of all came the sudden and urgent bid of exporters, to replace cargoes of wheat which had been sunk by the submarines. It was high time that a situation of this kind should be taken resolutely in hand; for the issues at stake were too large to admit of half-way measures, and the foreign Governments as well as the legitimate home consumer were virtually in a panic. What has happened, in the way of lower prices since transactions on the market were regulated, represents for the most part the waning of that panic. How far adoption of the sensational plan of recourse to the lamp-post would have achieved the same result, is a somewhat academic question.

THE abandonment by the Administration leaders in the Senate of the fight for the censorship was probably owing in the first place to recognition of the fact that the need for such a measure was not so immediately pressing as to justify the delay which a prolongation of the contest would involve for the whole programme of war legislation. In the second place, recent events in England may have intensified doubts as to the wisdom of a premature plunge into press restrictions. Freedom of discussion in England has just won a victory in the reorganization of the Admiralty forced by newspaper critics of the Government upon whom the Censor's hand fell heavily,

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but too late. There is now an outcry against the Censor's concealment of the facts in the engineering strike, which is of a much more formidable nature, apparently, than either the British people or we in this country have been permitted to know, though we may be sure that the Government at Berlin knows. Perhaps it is as well that Mr. Wilson should wait until some specific event emphasizes the need for a fair measure of control of newspapers.

"AND now the Americans," says a German headline announcing the entrance of our destroyer flotilla into active warfare. The German public will rub its eyes and ask if these are the Americans who, according to assurances by the Government and editors at Berlin, could not possibly get to Europe before the war had been won by the U-boats. Our destroyers are there helping to prevent the U-boats from winning the war, and keeping the sea open for the entrance of our land forces on the scene. After the contemptible little British army comes the mythical American army, as disappointingly unmythical as the British army has turned out to be uncontemptible. Thus another German metaphysical certainty goes to swell the rubbish pile of metaphysical prophecies. That doubt is rising in the heart of Germany as to the certain success of the submarines seems to be evident from the renewed outbreak of ferocity of which the Swedish merchant ships are now the victims. How simple was the prospectus of the new frightfulness as issued from Berlin three months ago: the neutrals frightened from the seas, the Allied merchant fleets depleted, England starved, America coming in too late. Only America is coming in not too late, the Allied ships come and go, England has half a year's food assured, and the sole visible effect of the "enrapturing" success of the U-boats is Spain, Norway, Sweden steadily being goaded into enmity to Germany.

DURING the first three months of the intensified submarine campaign Great Britain has lost, according to a special dispatch in the New York *Tribune*, 250 ships of over 1,600 tons, 113 ships below 1,600 tons, and 108 fishing craft. What total tonnage do these numbers indicate? On May 10 Lord Curzon declared that before the outbreak of the war Great Britain had 3,900 ships over 1,600 tons, with a total displacement of 16,900,000; which would give an average of 4,350 tons per ship. Last March Great Britain had 3,500 ships of this class with a displacement of nearly 16,000,000 tons, or an average of 4,570 tons per ship. We may take, therefore, 4,500 tons as the average for ships in the class over 1,600 tons recorded in the Admiralty lists. For ships under 1,600 tons, let us assume that every lost ship is just below the maximum tonnage, or an average of 1,500 tons. For fishing craft, let us assume the generous average of 200 tons. Translating, then, the figures in the *Tribune*, we get the following result:

	Tons.
250 ships at 4,500 tons	1,125,000
113 ships at 1,500 tons	169,500
108 ships at 200 tons	21,600
Total for three months	1,316,100

These figures include the two periods of highest submarine activity, during the first weeks of the campaign and again during the alarming first fortnight in April. They show an average weekly loss of 100,000 tons, as against the 400,000 or 500,000 tons which frightened Washington so badly a fortnight ago. If it be argued that even at best the indicated loss of 5,000,000 tons a year is a very serious matter, we agree.

THE Provisional Government at Petrograd pledges itself to renewed military effort without abandoning the principle of no conquests and indemnities. But there is this significant difference: that the radical element is no longer bent upon forcing the hand of the Allies in the matter of a restatement of peace terms, but is willing to enter into negotiations with the Allies for that purpose. In other words, up to last week the Russian Socialists were virtually out on a general strike against the Allies. The Russian army had thrown down its tools. With the establishment of a Coalition Government, the strike has been called off, the Socialist leaders and the army are willing to go on with their work, while their demands are up for discussion and arbitration. The task that confronts the new Government in the reëstablishment of discipline in the army and in reviving the productive forces of the nation behind the front, is a difficult one; but there is the requisite energy for the work. The same enthusiasm and initiative which succeeded in winning over the Czar's army may easily put new life into the troops by driving home the truth that the cause of Russian freedom and the cause of the Allies are inseparable.

FERVENTLY accepted by John Redmond and William O'Brien and acknowledged by Sir Edward Carson as holding out the promise of a settlement, the convention of the Irish people makes an auspicious beginning, if we take into account the suspicions and fears which even a first step towards peace in Ireland must encounter. In Sinn Fein circles there is surprise at the broadly representative nature of the proposed assembly. For Ulster merely to consent to go into conference is a gain. Constructively, Ulster thereby abandons its great contention that in everything but the accident of geography it is not a part of Ireland. It is acknowledgment of the fact that there is such a thing as the Irish people, and that whatever may be its present internal divisions, the inevitable tendency is towards understanding and union. What the scheme of a Council mediating between Dublin and Ulster implied is reaffirmed in the idea of a convention. The problem is less one of disunion versus union than of establishing safeguards for those suspicious of union. With the expectant eyes of the world trained upon them, is it too much to expect that Ulster and Sinn Fein alike may be swept out of their jealous parochialism?

THIS country will share Cuba's rejoicing in Menocal's inauguration. A Cuba presided over by Menocal will be well-governed and friendly; a Cuba in which Gomez was dominant would be ill-governed, discordant, and malevolent. Menocal on Sunday assured the island that the last traces of rebellion were being stamped out and, while occasional reports of disorder come in—valuable properties have been burned in Oriente this month—this is correct. The sugar crop, upon which he touched in his inaugural address as highly important to America and the other nations Cuba has joined in war, seems to have been harvested without important loss. Advance estimates placed the total at 2,500,000 tons, only 75,000 tons behind the crop of 1914, the largest theretofore raised. It is stated that up to May 5

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last 1,565,000 tons had been received at the six principal ports, and that, though this was 50,000 tons less than in 1916, 123 centrals were still grinding, as against only 75 on the same date in 1916.

TO speak of the Zadig case might seem like intending to take a dip into Voltaire. In fact, however, the reference is to a recent decision of the Law Lords in England, which is of great importance as apparently upsetting old legal precedents—at least for the duration of the war—and upholding the most sweeping exercise of power by the Government under the Defence of the Realm act. One of its provisions authorizes the Home Secretary to intern any person whenever he may think it expedient to do so on account of that person's "hostile origins or associations." As long ago as October, 1915, an order was issued under this warrant interning a naturalized German, Mr. Arthur Zadig. He appealed to the courts against this form of imprisoning a British subject without trial. The lower tribunals were all against him, and so was the House of Lords, to which the appeal was finally carried; but there was at least a vigorous dissent by Lord Shaw. He declared that there had been "a breach of the fundamental constitutional rights which were protective of British liberty." In a few words he stated "the basic danger":

> If the public safety and defence warranted the Government under the act to incarcerate a citizen without trial, they would be warranted in executing him without trial. Under this the Government became a Committee of Public Safety, with powers far more arbitrary than those of the most famous Committee of Public Safety known to history. The victim might be "regulated" to prison or to the scaffold.

Lord Shaw was outvoted by his fellow-judges, but his protest is likely to live longer than their decision. Mr. Zadig will remain interned; but if for any reason except that somebody did not like his name, it does not appear in any account of his case that we have seen. The *Manchester Guardian* makes the forcible comment:

> The judges may believe what they will believe, but every man of common-sense knows that Parliament never meant this monstrous thing, and Parliament knows that it did not mean it. Now that the courts have shown what a fearful power for tyranny a perverted legal ingenuity may found upon the loose phrasing of an act of Parliament, it is for Parliament to stop the gap.

THE United States Government having agreed to advance $12,500,000 a month for relief in Belgium and Northern France, Mr. Hoover announces that the Belgian Relief Commission will not seek private contributions after June 1. He even suggests in a letter to the Commission "that you offer to cancel all pledges made to you for future payments." Such pledges amount to a considerable sum; Mr. Hoover speaks as if the amounts paid in advance on account of maturing pledges (now to be returned) were alone considerable. It ought instantly to occur to givers that the money thus released, and more, is demanded by other war charities. There are special internal charities of Belgium, to which the Commercial Exchange Department of the Commission will forward funds. There are the war orphans of France, for the needs of whom the checks presented to Joffre are but as a drop in the bucket. There is Poland; and the Armenian and Syrian relief-workers are pointing to the conquests made by the British as having brought great numbers of those deported south and east by the Turks into direct touch with agents of charity who need only money.

MUCH more than appears on the surface lies in Premier Borden's proposal of conscription for Canada—a proposal cheered on both sides of Parliament. Canada has sent 360,000 men oversea, and she has at least 150,000 men engaged in essential war reserve industries at home. Greatly increased drafts upon her man-power can be made only at the cost of crippling trade, manufacture, and agriculture at home; even the newspapers that are keenest for conscription have spoken of only about 75,000 men available for enlistment by a thorough combing out of industries. It seems to Borden that by adhering to the volunteer system Canada would indicate a belief that the war would not last much longer; or an intention to let go by default part of the task of keeping her five divisions on the firing line up to war strength. To accept conscription, she will have to take with it new measures for the careful conservation and organization of industry at home, will have to risk the hostility of large elements of the population in Quebec, and will have to break with a tradition of voluntary service that she is as eager to maintain as Australia. The Dominion has vindicated the volunteer policy through nearly three years of war. She turns from it now only because Premier Borden believes that there may be many more months with their Neuve Chapelles and Vimys, and because the margin between the demands of industry and of war has narrowed till careful apportionment of men is essential.

THE enthusiastic Sorbonne manifestation by the French Maritime League in honor of the United States included an incident which might provoke a slight historical controversy. M. Lecour Gayet, speaking in the presence of Poincaré, recalled D'Estaing's assistance to America, and a story of Franklin's request for aid from Frederick the Great. "To what use would you put my troops?" asked Frederick. "To gain our freedom," Franklin replied. "I am a King," said Frederick; "suffer me to desist from spoiling the profession." Whatever the Frenchman's authority for using these alleged words, it could be shown that Frederick sympathized with the colonists, wrote D'Alembert that "I like these brave fellows and cannot help secretly hoping for their success," encouraged another Frenchman to "aid the colonies to become free," and praised the military talent of Washington. But to recall Franklin's relation with Prussia does bring back the fact that one of his last acts before leaving Paris was the negotiation of a treaty with Prussia by which it was agreed to abolish privateering and to hold private property at sea secure from destruction in war time.

A SPIRIT of masquerade has been wakened by the hour of war, a Mardi-Gras touch that does no real harm and helps to keep us gay. Marie Antoinette, at the pinnacle of her days, went forth as dairy girl in a fetching costume of gold brocade. It is perhaps the imminence of an ordeal which has lately increased the sale of picturesque overalls and of nurses' costumes which are presumptuous in their imitation of the Red Cross garb. Our response to clothes is wonderful. Nevertheless, one must not tarry too long in the robing room through which one enters a new phase of life. The feminine uniforming may serve its economic part in compensating dealers for too much skimping on the

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rest of the wardrobe; if they can be made expensive enough, the smock and sun-hat may prove substitutes for sport suits. The severe white cap, suitable for photographing, may do its bit for the milliners in place of a hat more secular. And the khaki uniforms, requiring puttees, will cost almost as much as riding habits. If a suggestion of masquerade makes work more pleasant, welcome the illusion! Judging from war pictures, the French girls are ploughing in just their old clothes—no careful costuming for the part. But the English ladies make handsome stable-boys. Whatever satisfaction dressing-up can afford ought not to be denied us.

Hopes, Fears, and Facts

A FORTNIGHT ago, after Washington had gone through a bad attack of submarine nerves, the *Nation* expressed the doubt whether there was adequate reason for panic. It was not that we thought the weekly destruction of 400,000 tons of British shipping a cheery bit of news; we only ventured to question the authenticity of Washington's figures, on the basis of facts within the reach of every newspaper reader. For the same day that Secretary Lane gave out his estimate of 400,000 tons, the weekly Admiralty report indicated the loss of only half that amount. And as a matter of fact, Mr. Lane speedily revised his figures downward. The New York *World*, writing some time after Mr. Lane's revised estimate, asserted, nevertheless, that "this war is a man's job, and nothing is to be gained by underrating the difficulties and obstacles." Were we wrong in reading into these lines a reproof of our own "optimism"? Perhaps. Yet only the other day the New York *Globe* still thought it necessary to allude to mistaken over-confidence in face of the submarine peril. Pleased with the latest Admiralty report, which showed the loss of only twenty-three ships, indicating the "destruction of no more than 80,000 tons," the *Globe* observes:

> While still disposed to regard it [the submarine problem] with apprehension, we can allow ourselves the satisfaction of contemplating contemporaneous records with a degree of optimism that seemed out of place on the day Frank Lane told us the Germans were sinking at the rate of nearly two million tons a month.

To which the answer is that against Mr. Lane's conjectures we had specific figures to go by. Optimism or pessimism has nothing to do with the fact that if twenty-three ships mean the loss of no more than 80,000 tons, fifty-one ships meant the loss of less than 200,000 tons.

The question whether America shall be braced to the great task it has undertaken, through fear or cheerful confidence, is not really dependent on individual temperament. Pessimism is plainly being cultivated as a policy; and there is a good deal of evidence in favor of such a policy. It was the tactics practiced by Kitchener when he was organizing England's armies. Though he always had more men on hand than he could make use of for the moment, he kept up the cry for more and more recruits. Lord Northcliffe has said frankly that he prefers to frighten his own countrymen, even if it encourages the Germans. It is thus possible to argue that even if the truth is 200,000 tons instead of 400,000 tons, it is good policy to cry 400,000 tons in order to whip up a nation's energies. It would be George Sorel's theory of the energizing myth, the unreality which has often lured men to great achievements. If we can beat Germany more rapidly by frightening the American people into action, pessimism is justified. By all means let us have gloom if it shows results.

But does it? Is it not a fact, rather, that there are certain things which a nation or a government can be frightened into doing, and other things which no amount of panic will hasten or improve? The solution of the food problem is largely in the hands of every one of us. The American people may be frightened into eating less bread or eating corn instead of wheat. The American back-gardener may be frightened into unusual activity. The American farmer may be frightened into breaking up more acreage and putting more labor into the soil. To exaggerate the food peril may very well be a national service. But of what use is it to preach shipbuilding panic to the American people at large? What the nation in the mass is able to do it has already done. It has voted all the money asked for, and it has called in Goethals to do the work. But if it is to the Shipping Board and to Goethals that frantic appeals are being addressed, then the manœuvre is futile.

A common apology for pessimism is that we need an antidote for the traditional American conceit. It must be borne in upon us that we really cannot lick all creation with one hand tied. We must be reminded that the German is pretty nearly as good a fighting man as the American. Fourth-of-July flapdoodle, *voilà l'ennemi*. The pity is that this only means pummelling the straw-man. After nearly three years of war, it is not true that the average American thinks he can lick all creation. We have a sufficiently vivid idea of German resourcefulness and the German fighting spirit. We know pretty well the size of the job we have taken on. The question is, rather, whether the preachers of self-depreciation are now overdoing the thing, whether a fair amount of national conceit—we prefer to call it confidence—is not essential to victory. Is everything in the past of America so bad? Is it really necessary to root out the feeling that if we go into a war we are going in to win? If we are to imitate the Germans in so many things, in organization, in thoroughness, in recognition of the fact that war is not a child's game, may we not also imitate the Germans in the proud assumption of victory, in the rejection of defeat as unthinkable? The Germans say *Durchhalten!* The English say *Follow through!* The French say *Ils ne passeront pas!* Are we to go into the war crying, "Help, we are beaten"? Matching myth against myth, it is an open question whether the optimistic myth is not as effective in the long run as the pessimistic pretence.

Democracy and Discipline

IN explaining on Saturday the large powers of food control which he asked from Congress, President Wilson went a little into the political philosophy of the matter. The exceptional measures are not intended for "normal" times. There is no intention of setting up a system of food administration by a permanent bureaucracy. Even in war-time the sweeping authority which Congress is to confer upon the President may not be used. It is to be held in reserve, its very existence serving to prevent some of the possible abuses which it is aimed to suppress. And

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in explicit and reassuring words the President declared: "The last thing that any American could contemplate with equanimity would be the introduction of anything resembling Prussian autocracy into the food control in this country." With this sentiment goes well the language of Mr. Hoover, whom the President is to appoint to take charge of the great work. Mr. Hoover is to undertake it, as he did his monumental task of Belgian relief, without salary, and with the aid of as many unpaid volunteers as he can procure. Many, it is reported, are already offering their services. But what the country ought particularly to note is the spirit and ideals which are to animate the whole labor, as Mr. Hoover views it. The word "food-dictator," he puts away as abhorrent. The plan is one of widest inquiry, to ascertain the facts, then of suggestion of wise methods of regulation in which the entire nation is expected to coöperate willingly. "My ambition," says Mr. Hoover, "is to see my own people solve their own problems." He adds his firm belief that "democracy can yield to discipline."

This has often been challenged. A democratic people is capable of high enthusiasms; it may endure cheerfully for a time great sacrifices. But will it put itself to school for a long term? Will it be susceptible of instruction by experience? Will it buckle down to disagreeable routine, and drudgery that palls, in order to achieve some great national end set before it? There are all kinds of definitions of democracy. But, as Sainte-Beuve said, an example is the best definition; and the question is whether the individual democrats whom we know encourage us by their ordinary demeanor to hope that they will yield easily to a stiff discipline. Frankly, the first impressions are to the contrary. There is an insubordinate strain in American democracy. It does not take orders readily. Hardships it is prone to complain about bitterly. Tell the average American that something he desires to do is "forbidden," and his first instinct is to demand who forbids it, and who is going to prevent him from doing what he has "already done." All this has been true of the typical democrat as we have observed him in this land. The question to-day, however, is whether the stress of war, and the perception of the stern necessity laid upon him, may not lead him to be more malleable to discipline.

Russia is just now giving the world an answer. In that country we have not simply a democracy drunk with the new wine of freedom; we have powerful anarchistic tendencies; great ignorant masses demanding their share in the new heavens and the new earth; divided counsels and conflicting authorities. Yet what is the word of order in Russia to-day? It is discipline. The new Minister of War, himself a radical and a revolutionary, announces that he will insist upon the most rigid discipline in the army. And in the plans of the Coalition Government, as outlined by the Premier, Prince Lvov, there is the demand that the Russian people submit themselves to the burdens and the restrictions necessary to carry on the war successfully. There, too, it is partly a matter of food control. Both production and distribution are to be under stringent regulation; and the same is true of the whole question of supplies for the army. Russians are to strip themselves for the fight. They are to do freely what the Prussians do under iron compulsion.

This brings out the chief point and the brightest hope. A democracy may take to discipline of its own motion. It may do willingly what it would die rather than do forced. This may seem to complicate the problem of rulers in a democratic country, but it really simplifies it. The first thing they have to do is to convince the people that the disciplinary methods urged are wisely planned and strictly necessary; the rest will follow. Let Democrats once be persuaded that their immense devotion to their country, their readiness to do and endure all for her, can receive no surer proof than their submission without a murmur to the severe demands of a national crisis, and there need be no doubt of the result. They will unflinchingly go through long sacrifices—as they did in our Civil War—provided only that the object is high and the means of attaining it well chosen. This kind of democratic discipline is thus self-imposed. It arises from spontaneous adoption, for good reason shown, rather than from wisdom or power thrust upon the people from without. It is the spirit of the whole that counts. With open eyes and consenting minds the people of the United States may accept a degree of control, for war purposes, such as has never been known before except in nations under autocratic rule, and still be, in their free undergoing of rigid discipline, "taintless of tyranny."

The Individual and the Loan

THE President has truly said that Americans do not yet realize the burden of sacrifice and suffering laid upon them by the entrance of the United States into the world war. Nothing better illustrates this truth than the attitude of the average individual towards the stupendous borrowing which the Government has set about under the appealing title of the "Liberty Loan of 1917." We are so used nowadays to speaking of wealth and the operations of capital in terms of millions and billions that numerals no longer mean anything. The unthinkable waste that has gone on now for nearly three years in Europe has dulled us to the significance of the figures which state the totals.

To most of us in the ordinary walks of life the proposal to raise by borrowing directly from the people two billions of dollars meant only "another Government bond issue." Of course, Uncle Sam is unimaginably rich, the resources of the country are ample to take care of this sum, or twice or thrice this sum—any sum; who cares? The rich will be glad to furnish the money, even at a relatively low rate of interest. It will be only another of those inscrutable transactions with which that extraordinary world known as "Wall Street" occupies itself, and out of which, by some mysterious alchemy, it acquires fabulous wealth. The rest of us will have to furnish the young men to make up the army and do the fighting; let "Wall Street" furnish the money.

Secretary McAdoo inadvertently helped this idea along at the very outset, by declaring, or permitting it to be declared, before even the terms of the loan were decided upon, or anything settled about it except the title, that undoubtedly it would be largely over-subscribed. People got the notion that it would be a small matter to gather up two billions of loose change and hand it over in suitable fistfuls to our allies, with "Here, take this; don't spend it all in one place." So far as Tom, Dick, and Harry were concerned, it was a matter of glancing at the headlines, passing them by as relating to a subject beyond the common ken, and turning to something really interesting.

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Not yet have the people even begun to realize that this loan is a thing reaching down to the individual citizen; that it is a call to men and women to whom hitherto the phrase "Government bond" has been as remote as a fossil in a museum. Not yet have Tom, Dick, and Harry sensed the fact that if the loan is to be covered, they in their own proper persons must reach down into their own personal pockets and deliver the actual hard-earned cash which they had intended for other uses perhaps much more to their personal tastes.

The rich and well-to-do must do their part, and a large part, to be sure, but this can be no exclusive affair of the wealthy. It is for no sentimental reason that the bonds are to be issued in small denominations; that was a thing of stern necessity—the call is for the precise $100 and $50 of cash in hand that Tom and Dick and Harry have been saving and nursing for cherished personal purposes.

It must not be drawn from industry—what but calamity and industrial depression lies in the sale of ordinary securities underlying the ordinary business of the nation? Railways and manufactures and agriculture must not be crippled or undermined by the withdrawal of capital—now of all times—even to furnish the sinews of war. Even savings-bank deposits must not be seriously encroached upon for this purpose; the only result would be that savings banks, in order to meet withdrawals, would have to sell their own bonds, and thus add a new factor of depression.

There is no money to be had abroad. The people of the Allied nations have been borrowing of us, and none too easily at that. The entire burden of this loan must fall upon the people of the United States, and for the most part upon those who never in their lives have lent a dollar to the Government. Small merchants, grocers, butchers, editors, printers, tailors, salesmen, clerks; such persons as we face every hour in the street cars and pass upon the sidewalks—these are the folk to whom this unwonted call has come. You have been passing on the streets and reading in the newspapers the advertisements for subscriptions to the loan; you have been seeing in the announcements the slowly mounting figures showing the total of subscriptions to date; and you have taken it for granted that your old stand-by Somebody Else was producing the money for which Uncle Sam is asking.

Two billion dollars is a prodigious sum of money in any circumstances; it is even more formidable when it must be gathered out of the pockets of the people, without disturbing the processes of industry, distribution, and transportation; without demoralizing the institutions of thrift—to say nothing of those of education and philanthropy—and without recourse to the usual foreign sources of money which were long since exhausted.

It is an easy thing to cheer the flag, an easy thing to spout patriotic oratory; under stress of emotion and appeals of recruiting campaigns men will enlist for war service, industrial, agricultural, or military. But the call for this vast amount of money brings to Americans of every class, as *individuals*, a demand for something that Americans find much harder. We mean personal self-denial. To you, as an individual, without age-limit or physical examination, or exemption for any reason outside the limits of your own conscience and your own bona-fide ability, it brings the first concrete opportunity to show whether your vaunted sympathy with the cause of the Allies and the declared purposes of the conflict with the Prussian autocracy has been only conversational; whether, when the President summoned the American people to the sacrifices and sufferings inseparable from war, he really represented *you*.

Germany Hesitant

TOO sweeping and confident inferences ought not to be drawn from the proceedings last week in the German Reichstag. Let us hold in mind the fact that the news we get from Germany is now fragmentary and censored; that our information about internal political conditions is meagre. We may think the Chancellor's speech a blunder, even from the German point of view, yet it may prove to be nothing of the kind. Von Bethmann-Hollweg has a better knowledge of the posture of domestic affairs in Germany than any outsider can possibly have, and it may turn out that his attitude and his words were the wisest that he could have adopted to meet the situation at present confronting him.

This very admission, however, which should in fairness be made, carries with it one conclusion that cannot be questioned. It is that parties and opinion in Germany are in a state of confusion and doubt. Praise the Chancellor as highly as you please for his exhibition of skilful tight-rope walking as between the Socialists and the Pan-Germans. This only shows that he did not dare to commit himself to either, or to break with either. Almost the entire speech, in fact, was that of a man more anxious about maintaining his position as head of the Government than about the war. German politics held first place; world-politics and the war came trailing after. The Chancellor bore himself, in this great crisis, very much as his predecessor, Prince Bülow, might have done, years before the war, in cleverly seeking to play off one group in the Reichstag against another, so as to keep the Ministry in office.

This is a fact which stands out with immense significance. There can be no longer a pretence that Germans are all of one mind as regards the objects of the war and the ways in which peace should be sought. If the Chancellor himself is obliged to recognize the sharp divisions of German sentiment, and to steer his way between them, their existence cannot well be denied. In the dramatic way in which Bethmann-Hollweg turned first to the Right and then to the Left, in the Reichstag, showing how the demands of one conflicted with those of the other, and declaring that he must refuse to yield to either, we see convincing evidence that the war, with the ferment of the Russian revolution, has divided Germany into two camps. To deal with them seems for the moment to be for the Government its most pressing labor.

The Chancellor declined to answer the direct questions of the spokesman of the Conservatives, but they carry their own damaging effect. Was the Government making the Social-Democrats the most-favored party? Was it using them in subterranean negotiations for peace? Then there was the question of complete understanding with Austria. The Chancellor asserted that the two Governments were in perfect accord. But the Austrian Prime Minister had recently let it be known that he favored a peace without indemnities and without annexations; did the German Chancellor agree to that? With this question von Bethmann-Hollweg fenced. How could he announce such a policy for the encouragement of the French

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and British? It was "not for the interest of Germany" to proclaim a peace programme of any kind. But this can only mean that the German Government does not know at present which way to turn. It faces the world, not in the old proud Imperial pose, but with a gesture of hesitation.

The Chancellor's speech, almost wholly negative, was as notable for its omissions as for anything it contained. It had not a word about the United States. This does not mean a policy of contemptuous ignoring. In February, the Chancellor had some hard and defiant words about this country. Nothing that America could do would prevent Germany from "going ahead." At that date, February 27, Bethmann-Hollweg looked forward "confidently" to the speedy forcing of peace by submarine warfare. Now he says no more of that. And his cautious references to Russia, with the expression of his belief that she could make a peace with Germany which would leave behind it "no sting and no discord," are very different from the old denunciations of the semi-Asiatic Kultur which threatened to overflow Europe from the banks of the Neva. As for the actual possibility of a separate peace with Russia, the Socialist Deputy, Ledebour, assured the Reichstag that it "could not be achieved," and that appears to be the growing conviction in Germany. But the German longing for peace is obviously growing more intense. Astonishingly bold language was used in the Reichstag concerning what would happen if that desire were thwarted or too long postponed; the blunt words "revolution" and a "republic" were uttered. This does not mean a threat of immediate political action; but it does yield added reason for the surprisingly hesitant position, at this juncture, of the German Government, Kaiser as well as Chancellor included.

Decay of Literary Savagery

THE centenary which *Blackwood's* has been celebrating calls up a record as full of achievement as almost any magazine in the world can show. It is probably the oldest literary monthly still surviving in English. The *Gentleman's Magazine* ceased some years ago. The *Cornhill* came into being about the same time as the *Atlantic*. The *Contemporary* dates from 1862, and the *Fortnightly* from 1865. From its very beginnings, this creation of the House of Blackwood enlisted the best literary talent available in Edinburgh. Its first real editors, John Wilson ("Christopher North") and Lockhart, brought to their assistance the Ettrick Shepherd, De Quincey, William Maginn, Coleridge, Galt, Scott, with minor luminaries. To find a parallel to "Maga's" early splendors we have to turn to the *London Magazine* of the same period; but the latter did not live. In 1842 the proprietor wrote: "What a number we shall have! Wilson, Bulwer, Warren, Landor, and De Quincey!"—and later there were similar numbers as rich, with George Eliot, Trollope, Blackmore, Aytoun, Reade, and Lever contributing.

The centenary, however, has a darker side, as that of a partisan and critical organ that long fought with almost unparalleled vindictiveness and ferocity, and that for decades held to its bitter tone. Those who think of its glorious first days, and the imagination of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," the beauty of De Quincey's "Mail Coach," and the narrative dash of Scott, must also think of a political and literary ruthlessness that is well left a century behind. Time has taken its revenges. As Tory as ever, *Blackwood's* celebrates its first hundred years with England tending more and more to radical democracy. For a century the magazine has resisted political progress, from the beginnings of electoral, tariff, and educational reform to Home Rule and woman suffrage. Blackwood founded it because he desired something "more nimble, more frequent, more familiar" than the *Quarterly* with which to attack Jeffrey's Liberal *Edinburgh Review*. In 1827 the magazine boasted that it was "the only journal which has espoused the cause of the High Tories, and for years attacked the Liberals and Free Trade politicians"; and as its editorial "Musings Without Method," more hot than argumentative, show, it could repeat the boast to-day. Yet scarcely less revenge has time meted out to the organ which in the first number published the slashing "Chaldee Manuscript"—Wilson's onslaught on Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria"—and Lockhart's first outburst against Leigh Hunt and the Cockney school of poetry. To-day, Hunt, Hazlitt—"the pimpled Hazlitt"—Lamb, Coleridge, and Keats are names far ascendant over those of their assailants, and no small part of the enthusiasm for their genius is derived from the completeness with which it was at the service of the political reforms and literary romanticism which *Blackwood's* abhorred. "Hell-fire criticism" proved evanescent.

Its centenary blends with one to which no definite date can be assigned—that of the revival of true criticism. For it Coleridge was mainly responsible. The sheer abusiveness in which *Blackwood's*, the *Quarterly*, and the *Edinburgh* at their worst indulged was bound to disappear. It belonged to a doomed school of manners; its end was as certain as was that of the duelling which led to the death of John Scott, editor of the *London Magazine*, at the hand of Lockhart's second. Lockhart was manly enough in time to regret his savagery, and excuse it on the ground of youth and the magazine's wild-oats policy. It was well characterized when Hazlitt declared that if any one wished to retaliate in kind, he might begin with Walter Scott's clump foot. Even Blackwood spoke of an attack on one great figure, for which damages were collected, as disgusting. But it was not exclusively a change in manners that was responsible for the disappearance of ferocious personalities. A sense that dogmatism like Jeffrey's "This will never do" often made itself ridiculous was coupled with a perception that honest criticism forbade descent to a level at which a poet could be slated because he was a Whig, or praised because he had Tory friends. Lockhart expressed the first in an essay on Jeffrey, who had preferred Rogers to Wordsworth. Coleridge reiterated the basic principles of criticism. His appeal to the few who were ready to rejoice at each rebirth of poetry as if they saw "the human race frame to itself a new body" was an appeal against the spirit that motioned Keats back to the druggist's counter because he knew a rival editor.

Savagery ruled out has not returned, even though in an occasional roaring lion like Carlyle it has seemed about to do so. Some have even affected to believe with Meredith in "Rhoda Fleming," that kindliness has made the critic almost extinct, and "the taste for tickling and slapping is universal and imperative." But no one really believes it, for savagery is not severity, and each new critic is a standing proof of the persistence of a proper amount of severity. The soundest criticism is at an equal distance from bad manners and from suffering fools and mistaken literary tendencies gladly.

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Grievous Neutrality

NEUTRALITY is dearly bought, and, as is the case with all commodities, its price goes up the scarcer it grows. At the beginning of the war we had to pay for it with the mobilization of the entire army; at this juncture it costs us our self-respect to boot. National honor seems to grow less sensitive the nearer a people lives to the centre of Europe. Brazil does not brook the insult done to her flag and her dignity by the German attack on the Parana. Holland has recorded a long series of similar and worse crimes against her flag, but the immediate neighborhood of Germany has hardened her sense of honor to a state of callousness which seems capable of enduring the grossest insults without flinching. The sinking of the seven grain ships sailing under "relative safety" on February 22 "caused a general outburst of relative acquiescence" among the Dutch. In these words *Punch* cleverly satirized our phlegmatic acceptance of the indignity. But its sarcasm is to the point only if aimed at the attitude of the leading press, which, with the sole exception of *De Telegraaf*, does all it can to ignore or conceal the real feelings of the people.

There must be some reason for this anxious reserve; not, probably, the wish to maintain a pro-German attitude in the teeth of Germany's obvious ill-will against the little kingdom, but a recognition of the fact that to fan the passions of the people by giving expression to the general indignation would only be playing into the hands of the German military staff, to whom a provocation from our side might be only too welcome as a pretext, which the public conscience in Germany could swallow, for declaring war upon Holland. For it is not at all unlikely that her military success in Rumania has kindled in Germany the hope of striking an equally effective blow on her northwestern frontier. Herr Albert Ballin, "Generaldirektor" of the Hamburg-American Line, has insisted on the necessity for Germany of possessing a maritime base beyond that area of the North Sea which, among German sailors, is known as "das nasse Dreieck," extending from Helgoland to the estuaries (see the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, January 4, 1915).

That this danger is far from imaginary was recently admitted by Mr. Troelstra, the famous leader of the Dutch Socialist party and ever since the war broke out a faithful supporter of the Government. In a meeting of his constituency he told his audience, by way of driving home to them the necessity of keeping the army mobilized for all emergencies, "that not so very long ago the commander-in-chief had wired urgent instructions to a commander on the eastern frontier for the execution of an operation in connection with an expected invasion by German forces." Mr. Troelstra vouched for the truth of this statement, which, moreover, was never overtaken by an official denial. The danger which then, at the eleventh hour, was averted is still impending, and the slightest provocation on the part of the Dutch Government may set the avalanche in motion. Holland will fight if fight she must, but it will be her ruin. She has had neither the time nor the means to turn the lessons of this war into practice so as to be able to cope with the armies of an enemy superior from the first to her own both in numbers and efficiency, and by a three years' contest trained and equipped with the latest contrivances of modern warfare. Her only trust is in her inundations, but if Germany succeeded in surmounting that barrier, Holland's fate would be sealed and the action of the Allied Powers encumbered with an increase of responsibility and annoyance.

Such seems to be the actual state of affairs, and, that being so, one understands why the Government maintains the utmost reserve so as to avoid a rupture with Germany. Its intransigent attitude with regard to the question of defensively armed merchant ships appears in a different light if viewed from these suspicions of Germany's military schemes. It considers these ships to fall under the designation of vessels to which the admission into Dutch ports is forbidden by Article 4 of the Dutch declaration of neutrality, as such ships are, in case of necessity, to commit acts of war. Evidently in order to probe the Government's present attitude towards this matter, which might have changed with the introduction of Germany's relentless submarine warfare, an English test ship recently appeared at the Hook of Holland, the entrance to Rotterdam harbor, but she was not admitted until, on her reappearance two days later, she could prove to the satisfaction of the marine authorities that she no longer carried the guns with which she had been armed. From both the German and the British Ministers at The Hague remonstrances were directed to the Netherland Minister of Foreign Affairs. The German Minister complained that the English ship had not been interned; his British colleague pleaded the repeal of the vexatious prohibition on the ground of its having been made at a time when no one could foresee to what extreme unscrupulousness German methods of warfare were to go.

It was a position between the devil and the deep sea. The German grievance was quite unwarranted, but betrayed by its very flimsiness the faultfinding spirit with which every movement of our Government is being watched at Berlin. The British plea was better founded, but its effect was impaired by the added menace of reprisals in the form of fresh impediments to our already sorely incommoded sea trade. By refusing to yield to threats, at the cost of commercial facilities, the Dutch Government added dignity to its decision, which, if taken in spite of the friendliest expostulations from England, would have appeared in a different light. "The Netherland Government," thus was the Dutch Minister's reply, "would act contrary to its duties as a neutral by repealing, at the request of one belligerent, a rule of neutrality which the course of events has proved to be disadvantageous to that party alone." It might be justly argued that the German Government itself has not shown such a strict regard of Holland's neutrality as would justify this scrupulous observance of her duty towards that Power. Who would refuse to shelter those under his roof who fly from the burglar that murdered his own people? Dutch common-sense does not hesitate to answer that question, but it also realizes that statecraft cannot take its clue from similes. That is the curse of our position. The majority of the Dutch are not blind to the fact that the Allied Powers, while fighting for their own existence, protect, as an incidental consequence, the future security of Holland, and those who see this admit, with bitter mortification, the wisdom of a policy which tends to thwart the action of their country's involuntary guardians.

A. J. BARNOUW

The Hague, April 11

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Russian Thought and the Revolution

THE question as to the nature of Russian thought is particularly timely now; not only because a new national philosophy is born with the advent of new Russia, but because for the first time Russia is acting with a philosophy. The defunct autocracy was not philosophically inclined. It was instinctively aware of the harmfulness of thought, and regarded its own existence as too fundamental to need apologies. It knew that when one can praise one can also blame. The autocracy, therefore, barely tolerated Slavophilism, which was primarily intended for foreign consumption. What it demanded of the people was dumb submission. The Government was lord over the realm of action; but thought was foreign to it. Russian autocracy was a material, brute fact, not a political principle. The Russian people, on the other hand, were condemned only to think; the realm of action was denied them. Thus was Russia divided.

In trying to understand the Russian people we need not, then, look for institutions or external achievements, just as in understanding Russian autocracy we need not look for any principles. Thought, which was the very life of the Russian people, which took the place of deeds and aspirations, is the essential thing. With the revolution the understanding of Russian thought becomes particularly important, since it is no longer the dream of a suppressed nation, but is to be converted into an actual policy, into a programme of action. To-day Russian thought, which was born and lived under mediæval conditions, has with one gigantic stride passed into a modern state, facing varied and gigantic tasks before which even countries with great political experience are bewildered. How Russia will face these tasks is a subject of much apprehension. Every day we are disturbed by the precarious conditions, by strange movements and wild rumors.

The history of Russian thought and literature reveals one persistent problem. This is the fate and meaning of the individual. One may find illustrations of this in any of the classics of Russian literature. The subject is the individual struggling with society, with nature, with God, with reason, with conscience. It is the individual apathetic, hopeless, or defiant. Even in daily life it is not uncommon for one of any class or position to leave his occupation and his friends and launch out in search of the meaning of his life. Tolstoy is only an impressive illustration of this. The supreme, all-absorbing problem of Tolstoy was: What am I? Why do I live? All other questions were irrelevant. Science and philosophy were useless because they gave no answer. But not only literature and philosophy, but politics and economics were transformed into problems of the soul. For instance, the failure of the revolution of 1905 was attributed by thinkers like Berdyaev, Bulgakov, Struve, to the insufficient recognition by the *intelligentsia* of the supremacy of the inner life of the individual.

This deep concern with the individual is not due to any special mystical sense of the Russians, but is an outcome of the social and political situation. From its very inception the Russian state was adverse to any organization, crushing every initiative which came from below. Welded by Norse, Byzantine, and Tartar elements into an extremely centralized government, it was superimposed on the people, so that all were under the control of the great "leveller," the Czar. Consequently, there were no classes in Russia like those in Western Europe which for centuries had been engaged in a series of contests for the mastery of political power. In Russia no class had any political power; there was thus little class solidarity either for defensive or for offensive purposes. In no case have the classes of which Russian society is composed acted together for any length of time, nor have they even acted separately with any degree of interior cohesion. Social atomism and isolation was the characteristic note. Even the *intelligentsia* until the other day did not exist as a class, with vital interests, as in the West, but consisted of dislodged individuals with no specific hold on things, whose thoughts were divorced from deeds, and whose interests were neither allied nor definitely formulated. Never having the opportunity to experiment with institutions, the external world was strange and beyond their control. Nothing in the external world was tangible save their own selves. Political and economic questions could only be asked in terms of individual destiny.

The Russian thinker was not dominated by what H. G. Wells calls the "white passion of statecraft." He had no worldly plans; no historic aims—for history was repugnant to those whose subject of interest was the individual. History in Russia had a peculiar meaning. With Viacheslav Ivanov history was a diversion—an escape from the present. Even Vladimir Soloviev, who is a positivist thinker, an upholder of the Slavophil ideal, saw in history only a world process where the individual was being purified, where he became a super-man, or a God-man, as the Russians choose to call him. So much was the Russian thinker preoccupied with the individual soul, so terrified was he by the outside world, that he would have nothing to do with social, collective action. The advice of Bielinsky, a brilliant thinker of the middle of the nineteenth century, summarized this attitude. "Above all," he said, "leave politics alone and avoid all political influence upon your manner of thinking. Politics has no meaning for us in Russia, and only empty heads can busy themselves with it." And about fifty years later Tolstoy gave the same advice: "A Christian does not even think of the general order, leaving this to be arranged by God."

This indifference to social organism accounts for the many fantastic social theories that prevail in Russia. Tolstoy's theory of non-resistance to evil belongs here. His theory was based on the assumption that the most expedient way of dealing with the evil of this world was by turning one's back on it. He was a pacifist because he considered the enemy illusory. But Tolstoy was a militarist in so far as the soul was concerned—there he saw the real enemy. He jealously guarded the well-being of the soul by erecting safe frontiers, by suppressing and curbing those forces which clouded and perturbed its serenity. He merely shifted the ammunition from the outside world, which is a lesser evil, to the inner one, where the enemy is dangerous. Tolstoy was an individualist whose supreme object was to bring his inner man to a state of perfection. And if our material and social surroundings, the Church, the state, the family, were obstacles in the

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way of personal attainment, he declared himself ready to abolish all. His philosophy was supra-moral. That is, morality is a soul hygiene, bearing the same relation to the soul that exercise does to the body. Those moral teachings, Tolstoy says, "which demand the sacrifice of the personality for the conventional good of the majority" are a "domestic social morality." And he spoke of them with the same contempt with which Nietzsche spoke of "slave morality."

This tendency of the Russian mind is emphasized by the great storm of opposition Tolstoyanism provoked. The issue was essentially metaphysical. The vehement rebuttal of such thinkers as Soloviev, Dostoievsky, Artzybashev, was due to the fact, not that the general social order was ignored, but that Tolstoy underestimated the evils of society, and thereby put aside the most prominent aspect of Russian life. Tolstoy's aristocratic, short-cut method of salvation by renouncing civilization, by retreating to Yasnaya Polyana, and donning the peasant garb was looked upon by some with contempt, by others as purely mythical.

But whatever the differences regarding means and ends of personal salvation, Tolstoy and his opponents were in agreement regarding an actual social policy. They had none. Between the passive acceptance of the social order by Dostoievsky and the passive denial of it by Tolstoy, I see no essential difference. In the former case it was the policy of non-interference, in the latter case one of non-resistance. Both saw the uselessness of active participation and of struggle with life, and realized the necessity of resignation and indifference to the outer world. In fact, the very difference between the social theories of Tolstoy and Dostoievsky are due to the difference of ideals of personal salvation. Tolstoy's ideal is too anæmic and pallid for Dostoievsky. He was more adventurous, too great a romanticist to forego the exhilarating though painful round of experiences in this world. In fact, Dostoievsky's sublimation of the state and Church, his dream of a Czargrad, his acceptance of the world, was only to experience the thrill of sacrificing all. It is the spirit of the desperate gambler that he was which finds exhilarating joy in staking all for a supreme moment of self-feeling. Through chaos, anguish, destruction, excruciating pain one rises upward to this supreme moment. It is a moment that an epileptic may experience for a few seconds before his attack. It is a moment when one voluntarily commits suicide only to display self-will. For this specious moment you would give not only your own life, "for that moment," Dostoievsky assures us, "you might give the life of mankind."

This apotheosis of momentary self-feeling is significant. It is a point where Dostoievsky, for instance, veers round from his social ideals to individualism. It becomes the basis of the favorite Russian problem of harmonizing Christianity with paganism, Christ with Dionysus. It forms the common basis of such diverse writers as Artzybashev and Sologub. It unites them all in the feeling that in a hostile and dubious world there is nothing save those elusive, uncanny moments. It points the way to salvation.

The significance of the Revolution for Russian thought can hardly be over-emphasized. We are witnessing a swing in Russian thought from self-analysis to social constructiveness. In the past the problem for Russian thought was the salvation of the soul in the void. To-day the destiny of the individual is becoming indissolubly knit with society and his salvation depends on that of his neighbors. It is as if the disembodied spirit roaming over the earth in search of a body to serve as a leverage had at last found its object.

We may be apprehensive lest these philosophers transformed into statesmen defeat their own ends. But what is peculiar here is that what has made the Russian people weak and ineffective in the past forms now the basis of the possibility of the most radical changes. I mean the absence of organization and class-consciousness and consequently the absence of definite, solidified creeds and traditions. Intellectual detachment has endowed the Russian with a sense of freedom and an indifference to tradition which marks him off from the Western European. The intellectual class in Western Europe has been of the bourgeoisie. And when in the middle of the last century the proletariat attempted to seize the reins of power, the intellectuals in general were ranged against them. The origin and history of the Russian *intelligentsia*, on the other hand, predispose them towards the most radical changes. Their sympathies and interests do not incline them towards the bourgeoisie, and since the capitalist class is not developed, and the smaller bourgeoisie does not exist as a class in Russia, the advent of a free, democratic Russia does not produce so great an economic disturbance as must inevitably be the case elsewhere.

We can thus understand the ease and facility with which the formation of a network of freely coördinated societies, councils, unions, and corporations are formed. Public opinion groups itself, not only in political parties, but in professional and trade unions. It is, therefore, not surprising that the Socialist minimum programme is accepted as an actual social policy by the Provisional Government. In Russia it is not a wild Utopia. It is the outcome of the actual situation.

NATHAN SHAVIRO

Correspondence

A PROPHECY OF 1860

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An English writer in 1860 published a number of essays which were reprinted at Boston and had a good circulation throughout America. They were called "Friends in Council." One chapter concerned war, and mainly contended against the menace of the standing armies of Europe. This writer called it "The Harlequin Period of the World." What is written in one week seems obsolete and inapplicable in the course of the next, but he seemed able to prophesy correctly, as to the next great war, "for the Russian, a prospect of freedom, and then the peaceful conquest of his own wide lands."

Again, in estimating the chances for this present war he wrote: "It is surely at least nine to one that the next war that England will have to undertake will be to protect some weak Power, rather than to defend herself." And he seems to have been able to foresee the way these United States would turn: "I am persuaded that the good and true men in America would never be so traitorous to their race, and to the traditions of its freedom, as to join wittingly, and for any lengthy period, in any attempt to pull down England from the position she has so long held amidst European nations."

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It was such a conflict as the present he evidently had in mind when he wrote on an occasion, "When a nation gathers itself up in all its strength, when selfish aims are thrown aside, and when ordinary life is felt to be tame, and buying and selling are not much thought of, when even great griefs that are but private fall lightly upon us, and when the bonds of society are knit together so closely that the whole nation produces and presents its full power of resistance, then it is that the ambitious man forgets his ambition, the covetous man, if possible, his money; the civic crown with its glorious motto, *Ob cives servatos*, becomes the chief desire of all brave men, and tender mothers feel like the Spartan matron of old who, as she adjusted the buckle on the young warrior's arm, could exclaim, 'Come back, either with it or upon it.' And a still nobler occasion that when, without one thought of self-aggrandizement, one aspiration after mere glory, or any pride of strength, a nation quietly resolves that it is its duty for the interests of the world, or for the defence of the oppressed, to come out to battle; and it comes out sternly and sadly." It was the belief of this writer that, if mankind then were really "much advanced in civilization, there would be a federation among the sensible and influential people of all nations to prevent monarchs from being entrusted with standing armies for molesting the human race, by such a war as could be dictated by the ambition of a few men placed in too high a position above the masses of mankind to feel the respect or the sympathy for human sufferings, a due regard for which forms the bonds by which the human race is banded together."

This little essay, written over half a century ago, contains many truisms now brought home by the present conflict, and the only slip is the thought for a future change in the modes of warfare from the barbarities of the past.

J. H. WHITTY

Richmond, Va., April 30

A GHOSTLY VISIT

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Ever since the publication of Miss Amy Lowell's "Men, Women, and Ghosts" I have been watching to see what reviewer would ask why she used the—I was going to write well known, but apparently it is no longer well known — title of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's collection of stories published in 1869 by Fields, Osgood & Co.

When, however, Mr. O. W. Firkins, in your issue of May 3, says: "Miss Lowell's aptitude for titles has not forsaken her in 'Men, Women, and Ghosts,'" I am impelled to ask, since no one else does, why, with an aptitude for titles, she should have chosen a well-worn one for her volume, especially since Mrs. Phelps Ward's collection is still published.

E. R.

Boston, May 8

MR. HOWELLS'S "WORKS"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your recent editorial in honor of Mr. Howells's eightieth birthday brings to mind an interesting circumstance with which readers of his works are confronted. It is well known that the earlier portion of Mr. Howells's life as a man of letters centred in Boston, and that some time in the 80's he removed to New York. During the former period his books were published by a Boston house; since the removal they have been issued from the metropolis. With what result? That one may read, any day, an advertisement emanating from Boston, announcing for sale "The Works of William Dean Howells"—namely, the earlier works of the New England period; while looking elsewhere one sees another announcement, from the New York publisher, also listing "The Works of William Dean Howells," the list beginning where the former left off. All sorts of possible complications are suggested by this pair of lists. One wonders, for instance, whether there may not be libraries which have purchased, or thought they had purchased, Mr. Howells's Works, when in fact they had acquired only the earlier or the later writings—for librarians *have* been known to do things as odd as this! Or again, is it not possible that papers have been written on his art, based unwittingly on that of a single period, and have thereby reached quite different conclusions? (For example, on the relation of these novels to "the pie line"; for in "The Undiscovered Country" one of the characters tells us, "Where whole communities eat pie, as ours does, there must be an unconscious coöperative force in its digestion.") Might not the American Academy of Arts and Letters, which has honored itself in honoring Howells, undertake some treaty of arbitration, if not of alliance, between his two publishers, to the end that his works may not be doomed to be completely bisected until the day of their copyright shall have expired?

R. M. A.

Stanford University, Cal., April 17

A FRENCH LEARNED SOCIETY IN NEED

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To my philological colleagues, and to all your readers who are interested in the scientific study of language, I make an appeal in behalf of the Société de Linguistique de Paris, "reconnue d'utilité publique par décret du 30 mars 1876," a body which has always had among its members a number of scientists of real eminence. The present officers are P. Boyer, C. Huart, J. Psichari, A. Meillet, J. Vendryes, L. Mertz. In spite of the war, it has bravely kept up the publication of its *Mémoires*, a collection of original investigations in nearly every field of linguistics, and its *Bulletin*, or record of proceedings. Having belonged to the Society since 1886, I attended early in 1916, after an absence of almost thirty years from its learned reunions, a meeting held in a little room in the Sorbonne. A very little room sufficed, for only ten were there, including myself: ten elderly gentlemen, the younger members being all mobilized. The principal "communication" was by a distinguished philologist in officer's uniform, back for a few days on furlough. To-day I learn that, owing to military necessities, the treasury of this devoted band of scholars is well-nigh depleted, whereas an abundance of excellent studies is clamoring for print. Fifty new members would restore prosperity. The annual dues are twenty francs, payable to the treasurer, Monsieur L. Mertz, 16 rue de Birague, Paris, IV^{e}. Cannot fifty members—men or libraries—be found in America? "Our secretary," says the gentleman who has just revealed to me the needs of the Society, "will perhaps be vexed with me for my indiscretion, and I feel rather remorseful about it; but, after all, I am doing this in order to further the pursuit of knowledge."

C. H. GRANDGENT

Cambridge, Mass., May 7

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BOOKS

Real War Writings from France

En Plein Vol (Notes of War in the Air). By Marcel Nadaud. Paris: Hachette. 3.50 francs.

A Tire d'Ailes (Note-Book of an Aviator and Prison Memories). By Renaud de la Frégeolière. Paris: Plon. 3.50 francs.

Le Bois Le Prêtre (October, 1914–April, 1915). By Jacques Dieterlen. Paris: Hachette. 3.50 francs.

La Tranchée Rouge (Wayside Notes, September, 1914–March, 1916). By Jean Renaud. Paris: Hachette. 3.50 francs.

Lettres de Guerre (August, 1914–April, 1916). By Pierre Maurice Masson. With Biographical Notice. Paris: Hachette. 3.50 francs.

La Retraite de Serbie (October–December, 1915). By Louis L. Thomson, médecin-major. Paris: Hachette. 3.50 francs.

REAL war writing is different from literature or history or controversy. Particularly, it notes real impressions day by day and, when genuine, becomes itself authentic documentation.

Of the two books of war aviation, one and perhaps both are appearing in English. Marcel Nadaud's "souvenirs," that is, rememberable things, are like instantaneous photographs with a phonograph attachment of conversations on the spot. These may be hard to translate, but they are easy to understand in the original by any one with ordinary command of French. There is little technical slang in them. This aviator is not without literature, for he has a Latin title for his first chapter—*unguibus et rostro*, "beak and claws."

It tells, from start to finish, the flight and fight of three united "squadrillas," as we seem condemned to call them in English. The French say *escadrille;* Italian *squadriglia;* Spanish *escuadrilla.* So a million or two British soldiers in the north of France are sure, when they barter with the natives, that "Nap-poo" is the French *Il n'y en a plus.* In these grim days we are all of us equals of the German Emperor of other times, Sigismund, who very properly talked back to the whole Council of Constance when its bishops criticised his Latinity—*Ego sum Rex Romanorum et supra grammaticam.* Note, by the way, that Marcel Nadaud, in French, calls the gunner of an aeroplane *bombardier*—which is also very good English. Myriad instances like this, all through this upsetting war, have to be relegated to peace negotiations.

The "flight-book"—*carnet de vol*—of Renaud de la Frégeolière is less dramatic in form, but perhaps more instructive and terribly tragic when the aeroplane is brought down within the German lines.

> It is finished. In the sweet land of France, a few steps from our own men whose fusillade we hear cracking, we are prisoners of Germany. . . . Officers arrive—they belong to a regiment of dragoons of the Guard, and their colonel is the Empress of Russia! Then more soldiers reach us. L——— is persuaded they are going to shoot us, but they have rather the air of being glad to take us alive, and they show themselves kind enough. Some even sympathize with our misfortune; but "It's war"—the everlasting refrain which henceforth will come back so often. Numbers of simple soldiers know French and take pleasure in showing that they speak very correctly, without accent. Some had been in Paris many long years when war broke out. They knew Montmartre and its slang certainly very much better than I did.

So, after the first one hundred pages, the book is the diary of prisoners in their long journey through Germany and life in the prison camp. These daily notes should be read for a measured narrative of such life, hard enough in itself without the hardships which were added wilfully.

> One German helped to my departure by his decision, which the army doctors at Constance confirmed. Without him, I should have dragged on to the next exchange of prisoners or waited for death which, in a second winter, wasted as I was by chagrin and weakened by privations, would have slowly carried me off. This man has a right to all my gratitude, and I should think I was lessening the value of the judgments I pronounce on his country and race which, in this war, has dishonored courage itself, if I did not bear witness to him here.

"To the glory of all the obscure heroes who died at Le Bois Le Prêtre—and to all who were dear to them." Such is the dedication of Jacques Dieterlen's book devoted to his comrades—lads of Verdun before the attention of the whole world had been riveted on them. It is another book of instantaneous photographs of a sublime life, with all its little touching, grotesque incidents, and in easy French except perhaps for the picturesque soldier talk.

> "Look, a violet!" said one of the men, stooping down. "It's long since we saw any. All the same, I like its smell better than *machabés* over there. You'd think it was Sunday in the woods at Meudon." And he stuck the flower in the end of his rifle and took up the march whistling. . . . By the wayside blackened corpses were lying, twisted and stiff, which some were trying to identify. The men passed without looking, without a glance at the horrible bodies in which they feared to recognize some comrade lately killed. They sat down by the muddy road and looked at the long files of men going back with slow, monotonous step to the trenches. The man who was off to fight looked with envy at the comrade marching to repose—and these, with a feeling of respect for those who were perhaps going to their death, were silent.

"With all affection, I dedicate this book to Emile Nolly and Ernest Psichari, dead for their country, and to Colonels Claudel, Boudhors, and Truffert of the 3d Infantry Brigade under fire." This is the dedication of the book which bears the significant title "The Red Trench." Ernest Psichari was the grandson of Renan; and now his brother Michel, who had married the daughter of Anatole France, has also given his life—for their country. These were men of letters. Of Ernest Psichari and Emile Nolly the *Nation* spoke during their lives. They were fit comrades of war with their colonels.

> On the cover of this book, which has no other pretension than to be a collection of wayside notes, I have written, "The Red Trench." I hold to joining this epithet with the name of "trench," to perpetuate the mode of warfare to which you bent stoically—you soldiers of attack and charge.
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> "I, the trench that brands the incendiary regiments of Dinant and Soissons and Rheims and Verdun, I that nail to the pillory those who, wearing the soldier's uniform, have soiled it with all the shame of rape and murder and torture, I, even I who also strike hard and bleed, hold to recognizing the spirit of sacrifice of enemies who know how to fight and get themselves killed bravely."

The three volumes on Rousseau which Pierre Maurice Masson finished for publication in the trenches just before he was killed charging at the head of his men were lately

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noticed at length (*Nation*, February 22). His letters, from the beginning of war to his death nearly two years after, have been gathered by pious hands and published with a brief biography. They are addressed to wife and mother and sister, to family intimates and University friends. In the first year he had occasion to write to his wife's mother (the widow of the philosopher Ollé-Laprune, who was for so many generations a Christian influence in the University of France) words of consolation like these:

> For the ten months and more in which war has made France to bleed, so many sons still young have fallen on the field of glory that one would well-nigh be tempted, at sight of the tears of so many mothers, to feel no longer the instinctive shiver of revolt awakened in us by all suffering that is contrary to nature. But you were already so hard-stricken—and, then, Joseph was not a son like others. . . . If he knew he was dying, he must have felt his heart torn at the thought of all of you; but he knew also that, in what is deepest and most supernatural in you, you would judge as his father had taught him to judge—Life has value only from the generosity with which we know how to live it and, if need be, to quit it. With him a beautiful name is extinct, but it dies out, giving a last pure flame. . . . I feel that all words are vain. One only word is salutary—the inner word which tells over and over faith and resignation and hope. That quiets the heart's tumult, and it is his word, which he murmurs to us within ourselves.

By a happy thought, at the end of the book a number of letters are given from soldier comrades of the trenches, expressing all their feelings at the untimely death of their captain professor.

A belated notice should be given to a book which will remain as a document in the history of this war. It is the record of the retreat of Servia—"the retreat of a nation"—by a French doctor who took part in it. It is the sober account of distressing scenes and times, without literature. Prof. Ernest Denis, of the University of Paris, who has so taken to heart the welfare of the Yugo-Slavs, cast brutally into the melting pot of this war, explains, in a preface, the book's worth: "It serves wonderfully the Alliance, because it teaches us to know the Servians better. . . . Of all the tragedies of this war, none has produced in souls so sorrowful, so prolonged an impression as the ruin of Servia."

The Writing of History

The Middle Group of American Historians. By John Spencer Bassett. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2 net.

MR. BASSETT undertakes to describe what the leading writers of history in the United States in the first half of the nineteenth century accomplished for themselves and for their calling. Concentrating his attention upon the influences which led them to follow history, he seeks to measure their success and their example in developing better methods of dealing with historical materials. His book should hearten those who believe that the writing of history still offers a profession, if only it be undertaken in a serious and self-sacrificing spirit. The book is eminently readable and is valuable for its appreciation, sympathetic and yet critical, of the men who made this middle period a golden age of historical writing in the United States.

Belknap and Hazard, earliest of their kind, deserve to be remembered for their enthusiastic industry and good works, for they were in advance of their time by their quite modern reliance upon original documents. They collected, they studied, and they encouraged studious habits in others by establishing historical societies. That the writing of history should be largely confined to New England was no accident, and Mr. Bassett does not hesitate to contrast the richness of that field with the poverty of the South. "It was evident to the men of the period that the South was having her history written by persons who, however worthy, were at heart not in sympathy with Southern ideals," and the South herself was "pathetically devoid of literature." Why that was so he does not attempt to explain, and the one product that calls for praise—Tucker's "History of the United States"—is known to this generation "chiefly through the impression it made upon those whose defects it was intended to offset, while the South has gone on reading the histories written in the North." Mr. Bassett is not so ignorant of the cause of this condition as he would have us believe. He recognizes that in colonial times the quick passage of the immigrants from idealism to materialism, due to a concentration on tobacco culture, gave no room for the writing of history. When that materialism was centred in cotton and slavery, we must conclude that the writing of history became almost a lost art.

To Sparks full credit is given for changing the course of historical writing by his compiled volumes of documentary material. He scattered and thereby wasted his energies by attempting many tasks, and his own writings, chiefly biographies, are not now accounted of much value. Painstaking and formal, they lack the very quality which he intended to excite in others—enthusiasm resting upon knowledge and inspired by imagination, however uncritical. His proposed great documentary history of the War for Independence was never really begun and would have been a failure had it been accomplished. With all his opportunities, more were necessary, and his own limitations must have resulted in what might have satisfied his contemporaries, but would not have had permanent value. To the "one fatal defect of the old methods" Mr. Bassett is not lenient, and he admits that it prevented Sparks from becoming the father of the modern school of American history. The story of the liberties taken with his material has never been fully told; but it does not aid to suggest that Samuel A. Eliot may have been responsible, without better proof of it than Mr. Bassett offers. Sparks was the first professor of history in an American college, but his influence as a teacher was slight.

To Bancroft is given much praise, and he certainly attained a great success, literary and financial, in his day, to be neglected even before he had passed from the scene. Supremely confident in his own powers, he was by turns schoolmaster, critic, politician, and diplomat, but will be remembered only for his "History," in its present form quite altered from the original. Strongly influenced by Sparks, he industriously gathered material and leisurely worked them into volumes which were warmly welcomed by his contemporaries and are still necessary in every well-ordered library, though not much read. The democratic note pervading it, with its excellent documentary foundation, won a success. Yet even Mr. Bassett confesses that Bancroft did not make the best use of the material at his disposal. "His historical sense was subverted to national prejudice."

Peter Force was the purveyor of raw but genuine material for history. His magnificent conception of printing everything he could discover led to the enrichment of the

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Library of Congress, but the question of cost, not untainted by exploitation of the national treasury, proved fatal to success. His volumes, incomplete and faulty in arrangement, stand as a brave attempt to achieve the impossible. What Hazard was to Belknap, Force was to Sparks and Bancroft, and it would have been better had the last two possessed the honesty of Force in adhering to texts.

To Prescott and Motley history was "one of the literary arts," and so they supply Mr. Bassett with his best examples. Prescott was wanting in critical ability, and Motley may be regarded as the "first of the newer school of scientific research." They had mastered the arts of narration, but to go back to these methods would be no gain. "If we could only bring forward their best qualities into our own group of scholarly and conscientious workers, the results would be well worth the effort." Towards such an accomplishment Mr. Bassett's book will be helpful.

Tales and Yarns

The Second Odd Number. Thirteen Tales by Guy de Maupassant. The translation by Charles Henry White. An Introduction by William Dean Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A Diversity of Creatures. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company.

Seen and Heard Before and After 1914. By Mary and Jane Findlater. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

In a Little Town. By Rupert Hughes. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Sea Plunder. By H. DeVere Stacpoole. New York: John Lane Co.

IN an honored place upon the present reviewer's shelves stands a little book, its dark-blue cover laced with silver and lettered with gold, upon which his wandering eye has been wont to touch affectionately, at chance moments, for many years. "The Odd Number" brought De Maupassant to us undergraduates of the eighties at the moment when "Plain Tales from the Hills" had brought us Kipling; and between them the two enchanters made of the short story an experience new and thrilling beyond compare in our still fairly complacent Victorian world of letters. And indeed that first baker's dozen of tales had extraordinary quality as representing not the whole De Maupassant, but the whole of his best. Some of us were led by them to exercise our college French among the more dubious enchantments with which the great story-teller's path was strewn. Thereafter we may well have chosen to remember him as author of the little blue volume whose contents so well deserved its skilful Introduction by Henry James. The present "Odd Number," issued by the same publisher, has been made to match the original as to color and size and the design of its back. It has even an amiable and slightly perfunctory introduction by Mr. Howells. But of the thirteen tales only two or three are worthy to be placed among that first thirteen. "Two Friends," "Relics of the Past," and "Mademoiselle Perle" are touched with human sympathy; the rest have the acrid flavor, the brutal or fleering tone of the unfortunate genius who, not soon enough for his own comfort, found his own way out of a despicable world.

As we open Mr. Kipling's new collection of stories, it occurs to us that a good many years have passed since the appearance of "Actions and Reactions," and we wonder a little if we are now to meet another Kipling or a Kipling notably farther along the way of his later manner. What we are struck with is the similarity, not to say uniformity, of the newer material and the older. Here, in "As Simple as A B C," is a sort of sequel to "With the Night Mail"—sixty years after. Here, in "The Dog Hervey" and "In the Same Boat," are two more studies of that undiscovered country which lies between the two recognized worlds of life and death, consciousness and being. "In the Presence," with its contrast of Sikh and Briton, again enforces the gap between the codes and the faiths of East and West. Elsewhere are Stalky and The Infant, grown up but still themselves; "The Honours of War" implicates them in some youthful practical joking of a very spirited and refreshing nature. "The Village that Voted that the Earth Was Flat"is the story of a practical joke on a colossal scale, which is also a form of deadly vengeance upon a highly placed bully and cad. "Friendly Brook" and "'My Son's Wife'" are sketches of English Hob and his country. "Regulus" is a schoolboy tale. "The Edge of the Evening" shows the rich and enterprising Yankee in England—that Laughton O. Zigler who was "the captive" of "Traffics and Discoveries." This story, written in 1913, describes, not actionably, a night encounter on Zigler's estate between the host and certain distinguished Britons and two helmeted spies who are forced to ground their airplane for repairs. The only stories in the volume which are the direct product of the war are the last two, and oddly enough both deal with the theme of Count Tolstoy's "vision." "Swept and Garnished" represents a certain Frau Ebermann, of Berlin, who has influenza, and whose fevered consciousness is disturbed by the apparition of a group of tiny French children appearing at her bedside and declaring that they have been told to wait there "until their people come for them." But what troubles the German woman is the fear that she may die and that the good Lord, coming for her, may be disgusted with the untidy blood the children have left about. "Mary Postgate" is a more vigorous handling of the same theme and of its reaction upon the English mind. The bright youth upon whom middle-aged Mary Postgate's life is centred is killed during a practice flight in his war-plane. That is all very well, she can bear it: but close upon it comes the horror of a child's fatal mangling by a bomb dropped from the skies. The bomb-dropper himself falls, half dead, into Mary's hands, and by her the child is avenged. The verse which caps these two tales (for, according to his custom, Mr. Kipling gives each of the tales its more or less poetic rider) has the refrain, "When the English began to hate," and must arouse sober thoughts in American readers at this moment. The German, we are told, has transferred to us the supreme ardor of his hatred: are we also fated to learn that lesson of him?

The other three collections of tales which we have in hand are of less importance. "Real Estate," by Mary Findlater, is both considerably longer and of slighter merit than the five companion stories by her sister. Jane Findlater's writing has the charm of an older time, before the suffrage and the cigarette had discredited ladyhood. Her tales of Scots tinkers and chimney-sweeps and gamekeepers are, we must think, none the less vivid and true because they happen to be told by a gentlewoman. Her first title here, "The Little Tinker, or Free-will and Adop-

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tion," has a delightful flavor of the moralizing past. The poor tinker's wife, forgotten by her drunken husband and giving birth to her child in the uncommon luxury of a warm byre, might well have pointed the tract of fifty years ago. What we really get is more like the scene of a Dutch master, incident and atmosphere and character projected upon a tiny canvas, with sympathy but without sentimentalism. "Aee Blythe Yule Nicht" is an equally accurate study of Scotch dourness and humor. The stories written after the war are less happy.

After reading the Foreword of "In a Little Town," one may fairly be disappointed in its contents. Mr. Hughes, in the midst of his versatility and his experiments, has done some notable work. The Foreword is very good in itself. It embodies a protest against "two immortal imbecilities," or rather against "the other one" of them: that little towns are essentially different from big towns. "They do small towns a grievous injustice who deny them restlessness, vice, ostentation, cruelty; as they do cities a grievous injustice who deny them simplicity, homeliness, friendship, and contentment. It is one of those undeniable facts (which everybody denies) that a city is only a lot of small towns put together. Its population is largely made up of people who came from small towns and of people who go back to small towns every evening. A village is simply a quiet street in the big city of the world. Quaint, quiet happenings take place in the avenues most thronged, and desperate events come about in sleepy lanes. People are people, chance is chance." This is excellent; and when the story-teller goes on to say that his scene is the Iowa of his own origin, and "the characters are limited to a small neighborhood, but if they are not also faithful to humanity in general, then, as we would say out there, 'I miss my guess' "—after this appreciable thunder in the index, one's hopes run high. Unluckily, Mr. Hughes seems to have rather groped for his materials, or trumped them up out of his active fancy, than found them ready at his hand. The effect is of artifice, of "well-made" plots and character in the sense of the stage rather than of the art which interprets. In short, they are of the magazine formula, and of little account on other grounds.

Something of the sort might no doubt be said of the tales in "Sea Plunder." These are narratives of great cleverness, dealing with incidents and types rather than with motive and character. But they have the integrity of yarns which pretend to be nothing else, and their reward is that the two persons whom they chiefly concern do come home to us with strong romantic reality—the reality of John Silver and his immortal mates. These are the joint adventures, on various occasions, of two sea-farers periodically cast up on the wharves of San Francisco, and destined always, in time, to find some fresh fantastic opening for their talents. Capt. Blood, the Irishman of no country but unmistakable breed, and Billy Harman, the simple-tongued and subtle-minded one, are an exhilarating pair. They go all the way together, from stealing a cable-ship and running amuck in Southern seas, to the search for sea-cast gold, and the final fluke of luck and trick of cunning which possesses them of a hoard more valuable than gold. What carries these yarns is less their substance, which may easily be resolved into over-familiar elements, but the easy gusto of their telling. We do not know, now that Jack London is gone, where to match Mr. Stacpoole's absolutely simple, straightforward, and forcible way of telling a story of outlandish adventure.

Problems of Heredity

Heredity and Environment. By Edwin Grant Conklin. Princeton University Press. $2.

THE greatest biological question of the present century, according to Professor Conklin, is the development of a human being, of a personality, from a germ cell. Most of us marvel at the development of the mind, but he shows that this parallels the development of the body, and that both arise in sequence from the germ. In elaborating this idea, it is recalled that the greatest men of the race were once babies, embryos, and germ cells; likewise the greatest minds in human history were once potentially those of the same germ cells, embryos, and babies.

The study of inheritance in man, which the author discusses, is less satisfactory than in plants and animals, since there are no "pure lines," but many mixtures of different strains, and, at the same time, man is a slow-breeding animal, and the number of offspring is few in human families. Experiments, however, being out of the question, one must rely upon observation and statistics. Nevertheless, Davenport and Plate obtained data for more than sixty human traits, which appear to be Mendelian. Thus the principles of heredity, as established by Mendel, are quite as important to biology as the atomic theory of Dalton is to chemistry.

The discussion thus far has mainly concerned heredity, but we may also consider the influence of environment upon the development of the individual. Many philosophers of the past ages have held that all men are born equal, and that inequality is due to environment or education. The geneticist of to-day tells us that we must assign to heredity far more importance than philosophers ever attributed to environment. Still neither environment nor heredity is all-important, for both are necessary for development, since hereditary traits within our germ cells can only develop under the proper stimuli.

Some experiments have been performed which show that the germ cells may be modified before fertilization takes place. Such results as obtained by Stockard in studying the effects of alcohol on guinea-pigs are of special interest. These animals were caused to inhale alcoholic fumes for about an hour on every seventh day, during a period of nineteen months: the progeny of the alcoholic parents died at birth, while the young of normal individuals, which were bred simultaneously for control, produced normal progeny. The work of Hoppe, Hertwig, and Ferel suggests that alcohol and drugs are injurious to man, and it is maintained that such agents produce defective offspring, especially if alcohol is used at the time of conception.

Several pages in this treatise are devoted to a consideration of the inheritance or non-inheritance of acquired characters. Probably no subject in biology has been more discussed and, while many intelligent people believe that such characters are inherited, all experimental data obtained up to the present time fail to support this idea.

The study of environment and its applications to human development is termed "euthenics." Since the effective environment is far more extensive in man than in other animals, his reactions are vastly more complex. Human beings, aside from their responses to chemical and physical stimuli, are affected by various psychical, social, and moral influences. No animal has so long a period of im-

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maturity as man, whose development is correspondingly prolonged: consequently, the effects of environment and education may be greatly extended in his early life. Moreover, only good surroundings and training can develop good habits or suppress bad ones. Thus the author maintains that the best environment is one which avoids extremes, one which is neither too easy nor too difficult—one, in short, which produces the maximum efficiency of body and mind. For any individual, environment and education are variable factors, while heredity alone is predetermined. Only through customs, traditions, and history are the experiences of any generation handed down to a following one; thus may arise a "social evolution," which becomes more complex as time passes, while the store of our inheritance remains constant. "The present world-war, with its appeal to the primitive instincts of men and its destruction of the fairest and best fruits of civilization," to quote the author, "points one way out of this disharmony between germinal and social inheritance; but it is a way from which all sane and sober minds recoil. Wars and revolutions shake off the burdens of social inheritance, but they destroy the good along with the bad and afford only local and temporary relief."

To what extent is it possible to control heredity and thus improve the race? This is one of the final questions discussed by the author. Most are ready to believe that great accomplishments of this kind are possible. The germplasm must in some way be affected, but it cannot be improved through acquired characters which are not transmitted; nor through natural selection, since this only preserves the means and eliminates the extremes; nor through isolation where only inbreeding results; nor by artificial selection which preserves extremes, but produces no new types; not even through Mendelism, since complex hybrids may be formed, and when these are interbred, the original types dissociate, and no new hereditary characters are produced. The only possible process of race improvement known at present is by means of mutations; since it has been impossible to control the appearance of mutations through environment or any other means, it would appear that the answer to the question must be in the negative. The author, however, states that we may select here and there a product, which nature has given us, but that we are unable to initiate or control accurately the processes at work.

Still it is maintained that race improvement may be effected—by weeding out all human stocks bearing serious defects, by cultivating pride in good ancestry, by discouraging voluntary infertility on the part of the fit, by increasing opportunities for early and favorable marriages, and by carefully conserving the best human mutations or inherited variations. Moreover, it is possible also to improve the race by bettering environment and training. The essence of all education, as the author points out, should be self-discovery and self-control, and the individual should be taught not only to discover his own powers and limitations, but also to compel himself to do things. Thus he will be enabled to realize from his heredity and environment the largest and best returns.

Professor Conklin's book contains many excellent illustrations, and the most authoritative data which have been presented in recent times. It may be read with profit by any student interested in the multifarious fields which it covers.

Notes

A NEW book by Hermann Fernau entitled "The Coming Democracy" is announced for publication shortly by E. P. Dutton & Company.

"Russia of Yesterday and To-morrow," by Baroness Souiny, and "The Reconstruction of Poland and the Near East," by Herbert Adams Gibbons, will be published next month by the Century Company.

Doubleday, Page & Company announce for publication to-morrow the biography in two volumes of the late James J. Hill, written by Joseph Gilpin Pyle; "Friends in Feathers," by Gene Stratton-Porter, and "England and the War," by André Chevrillon.

The following volumes are announced for publication on Saturday by Little, Brown & Company: "Half Hours with the Idiot," by John Kendrick Bangs; a new edition of Owen Johnson's "The Humming Bird"; a limited edition of Thomas Godfrey's "The Prince of Parthia," with an introduction by Archibald Henderson; "How to Produce Amateur Plays," by Barrett H. Clark, and "Kitchenette Cookery," by Anna Merritt East.

THE following have been added to G. P. Putnam's Sons' announcements of forthcoming books: "Over the Top," by Arthur Guy Empey; "The Man in Evening Clothes," by John Reed Scott; "Household Organization for War Service," by Thetta Quay Franks; "The Livery of Eve," by F. W. Bain; "Some Personal Recollections of Dr. Janeway," by James Bayard Clark; "The Adventure of Death," by Robert William MacKenna. The same house announces the following publications of the Cambridge University Press: "The American Indians North of Mexico," by W. H. Miner; "The Fragments of Sophocles," edited by A. C. Pearson from the papers of Sir R. C. Jebb and W. G. Headlam; "Bach's Chorals," Part II, by Charles Sanford Terry; "Experimental Building Science," by J. Leask Manson; "M. Annæi Lucani: De Bello Civili": Liber VIII, edited by J. P. Postgate; "Finch and Baines—A Seventeenth Century Friendship," by Archibald Malloch.

PLACING the blame upon the church for the present sorry spectacle of the world at war has become a habit in certain quarters. The reason for so doing is easy to understand in these days when people have revived the demand for a scapegoat. We know how but a while ago that hoary creature Economic Pressure had to answer for a multitude of sins. He was trotted out daily by those hustling advance agents of the New Jerusalem and on his head were placed the heartaches and failures and miseries of all the downtrodden. In the early stages of this mammoth conflict it looked as though he might also serve to conciliate the God of War: if we could only send the Iron Ring packing, it was felt that the world would resume its peaceful occupations. But as the discussion as to the causes of the war proceeded it was discovered that something more deep-seated than mere economic pressure was required to account for the base impulses seen at work. So there has been a rush to the guardian of human souls, and the church has become the scapegoat. Not since Milton hurled his defiance at lazy bishops have we heard such sweeping arraignment of the church as that which passes from mouth to mouth to-day.

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THUS even so spiritually disposed a person as Miss Vida Scudder, who has just published her "Church and the Hour" (Dutton; $1 net), will give the sanctuary no quarter. "We belong on our knees confessing our wrongdoing," she says stoutly, "not on our feet defending ourselves." Miss Scudder, it should be said, is less vague than most others who are lamenting the breakdown of Christianity with a sneer at the parson. Herself a Socialist, she has some ideas as to how the church might enforce principles of social justice and thus insure international stability: "She [the church] should make every Christian woman ashamed of herself so long as she neglects to secure a cleaner conscience by buying Consumers' League goods. She should make every Christian man ashamed of himself, so long as he is unable or unwilling to pay a living wage to his least employee." One had thought that the church by its excursions into all sorts of social activities had been attempting to make its influence widely felt; and Miss Scudder has to admit that there is some force in the charge that the socialization of religion has meant a certain loss in spirituality. Yet why this should be she cannot understand, and she attempts to state the problem in such a way that the solemn responsibilities inculcated on the Sabbath may remain the guiding principles for every day.

IN all this there is a fine vision of brotherly love urged with the eagerness of one who can paint a tender, glowing picture. If its consummation were only as easy as the author of this book and others appear to think! The question is, How best can economics be spiritualized? In the past the function of the church has seemed to be to quicken the sense of spiritual values in the individual, hoping that those who were susceptible to its teachings might by the influence of their lives leaven the lump of the community. When, as in recent years, not a few churches took for their field of work the conduct of communities as distinguished from that of the individual, discerning ones fancied they saw an endeavor to raise the level of the mass at the expense of the old regard for individual integrrty. We naturally do not deny that the church has done and will continue to do much good by keeping an eye on the conditions, economic and other, which bear upon its flock. Only there should be eternal vigilance lest the clergy, by concerning themselves too much with the secular, again discover that there are money-changers in the Temple.

PROF. ROBERT H. FLETCHER'S "History of English Literature" (Badger; $1.25 net) is a manual written with the college student and his needs vividly before the author's mind. Such a student needs his facts, of course, and these are provided in discreet abundance; he needs also clear leading in the terminology and methods of criticism, and just this, in a preliminary chapter, in frequent summaries of men and periods, and in detailed assignments for study, it is Professor Fletcher's distinction to have given with peculiar effectiveness. The author's own studies have qualified him to deal more than perfunctorily with the earlier literature. Amid much that is good, the student is likely to be misled by the statement that Chaucer "may well have been directly influenced by . . . the 'Decameron,'" and that Chaucer's language is "modern, according to the technical classification." The frequent introduction of hints as to the pronunciation of proper names is a feature that calls for commendation.

SOME twenty-nine different authors in addition to the two editors, George M. Kober and William C. Hanson, aid in the compilation of "Diseases of Occupation and Vocational Hygiene" (Philadelphia: Blakiston). The list of contributors contains a number of well-known names recognized as authorities in their respective fields. This cooperative plan promises no doubt the largest measure of success in the way of accuracy and completeness, but it carries with it some inherent defects in the way of unnecessary repetitions and overlappings. The book as it stands is, however, creditable and useful. It deals with a subject of great and increasing importance, not only for those directly or indirectly concerned with the occupations that threaten the health or life of the workers, but for the community at large. Intelligent citizens who may wish to obtain light upon the subject will find in this book a great abundance of information. The editors give a helpful historical preface in which the progress of hygienic legislation is briefly reviewed, and the various chapters are each provided with an ample bibliography or list of references. The value of the book to the specialist can, of course, only be ascertained by testing out the various parts in practice. Minor criticisms may be made. The illustrations are somewhat meagre, and the book, for its size, is unpleasantly heavy. Our American publishers of textbooks, unlike their English confrères, pay scant attention to this latter feature in the make-up of their books.

PROF. KUNO FRANCKE, of Harvard, has earned such respect by his fairmindedness and unequivocal Americanism since the war began that anything he writes is sure to be examined for possible references to current issues. His volume of lectures on "Personality in German Literature before Luther" (Harvard University Press; $1) is free from "actuality" except in the concluding passage, which is not without a certain pathos: "Was Hutten right when he said that it was the fate of Germany to be unhappy? If he was—and it would almost seem so—then it must be said that the tragedy of German history is most intimately allied with German greatness." It is the author's conviction that the present war, whatever its military result, is sure to usher in a new and greater epoch of German culture. The lectures themselves constitute a prolonged refutation of Jacob Burkhardt's view that the Middle Ages were destitute of personality. Professor Francke has no difficulty in showing that mediæval poets like Walther and Wolfram and mystics like Eckhart and Tauler were self-conscious beings of marked individuality. Even the popular song and the religious drama, though essentially composite folk-literature, show an abundance of individualized traits. Humanism merely brought this individualistic culture to a climax in such outstanding personalities as Erasmus and Hutten. The general point of view and the particular literary judgments are those which are already familiar to readers of the author's "Social Forces in German Literature."

MR. J. ELLIS BARKER has for some time been known as one of the most competent authorities on German economic life. His book on "Modern Germany," now in its fifth edition, is a veritable storehouse of highly specialized information which it is difficult to find elsewhere in convenient form. His most recent work, entitled "The Foundations of Germany: the Causes of Her Strength, Wealth and

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Efficiency" (Dutton; $2.50), can hardly lay just claim to similar usefulness, though the author makes the grandiloquent assertion in the preface that he is presenting for the first time an adequate account of the beginnings of modern Germany. An examination of the book reveals the fact that it is largely made up of magazine articles which are only fortuitously related. Moreover, some of these are already out of date: the chapter on the causes of the war, for instance, was written in August, 1914. Such unity as the book achieves is derived from the author's constantly reiterated thesis that not Bismarck, but Frederick the Great, was the real maker of the German Empire. Mr. Barker is at some pains to exonerate Bismarck from the charge of unscrupulousness and to laud the sanity and moderation of his policies. Apparently this is done to enhance the uniquely baleful influence of Frederick, though one is unable to see why Bismarck should not be regarded as the latter's disciple in Machiavellism. Five of Frederick's most important state papers, including the famous "Testament" of 1776, are reproduced in full in the original French at the end of the volume. These constitute the Bible of all Prusso-German statesmen, according to the author, who adds the rather naïve suggestion that his book be adopted as a text in French in the schools and universities. It may at least be conceded that the French section is the most valuable part of his volume.

THE velocity with which Western political ideas and social institutions have passed through the huge inchoate empire of the moribund Manchu régime is measured with care and accuracy in Gardner L. Harding's "Present-Day China" (Century; $1 net). Mr. Harding has used to full advantage his opportune presence in the midst of China's recent "furnace-hissing of events." Written at the time of Yuan Shi-Kai's historic attempt to resuscitate in himself the defunct monarchy, Mr. Harding's book is chiefly valuable for a logical and passionate insight into the democratic ideals that so miraculously galvanized the progressive South into positive action. Even though, after a spectacular victory and the brief triumph of the reformer Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, the reactionary forces of the late Yuan Shi-Kai came into power, it is the phenomenon of a vast empire suddenly grown conscious of democratic powers and institutions on our most approved Western model that will impress readers of this book. "To admit that reaction is politically supreme is not at all to say that reaction, even constructive reaction, to-day represents the fervent desire of any large section of the Chinese people. It is insurgency," Mr. Harding insists, "bold experiments with new ideas, the release of fresh energies and unprecedented ambitions, which will sum up the underlying mood of present-day China." Chapters on the heroic part taken by the women, on social reform in Peking, where the Chinese are dealing with urban problems only too familiarly Western in type, and on radicalism and leadership, are good sources of information on this Oriental republic. It is satisfying to realize that the forlorn Li Hung-Chang's pathetic remark to the Japanese diplomats flushed with victory in 1895 is no longer true in kind or degree: "You have a nation at your back, a united nation of determined and patriotic people; but what you are fighting is only one man." Not the least modification in the *realpolitik* of the East as a result of the present war is the significant partiality of foreign opinion for the integrity of this new, politically conscious republic. If the "Open Door" is destined to become effective under a sort of pragmatic sanction of the West after the war, then it will be within the privilege of the present generation to observe many of these potentialities, recorded by Mr. Harding, come to fruition.

TWO lieutenants of infantry, United States Army, O. O. Ellis and E. B. Garey, have turned their experience, acquired in the Plattsburgh camp of 1916, to good account by preparing "The Plattsburgh Manual" (Century; $2 net), which cannot fail to be useful to "rookies" both actual and potential. Since we are now at war, their book will perhaps have a larger field than the Federal training camps for which it was especially written. Preparatory manuals are more or less alike, in this if in no other respect, that they all have as their aim one and the same result. The road to this result is shortened by the employment in this book of illustrations showing not only the right, but also the wrong, way of doing certain things, what is right and what is wrong in certain positions and combinations of the elementary but fundamental work of the beginner. Many of the diagrams, too, will prove helpful, and the text is clear, direct, and simple. Reasons are given when the subjects admit of this aid, which Government manuals, prepared as they are for the uninitiated, seldom furnish. Intended though it be for beginners, this manual covers a good deal of ground; for example, from the school of the company one passes to Fire Superiority, Security, Attack, and Defence. In the last chapter occurs the recommendation: "Having come to a decision, stick to it right or wrong." This surely calls for some qualification; thus, to correct an error under fire may be more costly than to persist in it, but certainly there are some wrong decisions that must be corrected, no matter what the cost. Any reader really absorbing what this manual offers not only in the subjects mentioned, but also in marches, target practice, signalling, to mention no others, has gone a long way towards being a good and useful soldier.

THE tokens of tradesmen, those actually struck for trade purposes, namely, to supplement the deficient supply of small change, have for a primary interest the personalities of the issuers. The volume by W. Longman on "Tokens of the Eighteenth Century connected with Booksellers and Bookmakers" (Longmans, Green; $2 net) differs from the existing books on the subject by abandoning a geographical arrangement, or a purely alphabetical listing, and going straight to the heart of the interest to be found in this particular class of tokens. It supplies biographical sketches of the issuers, and gives, as well, important indications as to the number and weight of the pieces struck. There is always, of course, a certain political interest attaching to tokens, and in this respect the present work contains a number of references to well-known public characters. D. J. Eaton, "Three Times Acquitted of Sedition" (1795), described in the *Monthly Magazine* as an "undaunted publisher of pamphlets in opposition to the foreign and domestic policy of the British Cabinets," is among those whose careers are outlined. It appears that his chief offences consisted in publishing Paine's "Age of Reason," and some "libels" entitled "The Political Dictionary" and "Duties of Citizenship" and, as a result of the last publication (1796), he fled to America. This is a sample of

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the contents of the book, which is a delightful account written by a collector who knows his subject. There are three plates illustrating the tokens and several portraits and reproductions of handbills, etc., from old sources. It may be recommended to collectors of tokens, and to those for whom the history of booksellers, printers, etc., is attractive, as well as to any one investigating political opinions of the period.

A COLLECTION of fifty-two reproductions of drawings, etchings, and lithographs made between 1881 and 1915 is brought together under the title "Joseph Pennell's Pictures of the Wonder of Work" (Phila.: Lippincott; $2 net). The erection of skyscrapers in American cities, the great mining and milling centres of many lands, the coal fields of Pennsylvania and Belgium, supply the largest part of the subjects. Mr. Pennell contributes a general introduction, with a note for each plate, and the collection is fittingly dedicated to the memory of Constantin Meunier. If it were necessary to prove that the great mechanical enterprises of our day have their picturesque aspects, the case is made out beyond dispute. A greater achievement than this is denied to Mr. Pennell's always facile and competent hand. There are few such felicities of design as the distant view of Duluth, plate XXII. Generally we have a swift choice of the view, and an execution rather agile and amusing than searching and significant. It is enough to recall Piranesi, Méryon, and Muirhead Bone to put these clever sketches where they belong. The book is attractively made with brown buckram covers and a paper label. Admirers of Mr. Pennell's spirited sketches of the Panama Canal will want it.

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THE signal advantage of printing in a single volume "Fifteen Plays of Shakespeare" (Oxford University Press; 3s. net) rather than all thirty-seven lies in the possibility of employing type large enough to be made out by the naked eye. The same eye would have been gratified with paper a little more opaque, but it is not bad. There are no notes or apparatus of any sort, save an index of characters and a glossary, condensed from that of C. T. Onions, which has the advantage over most brief glossaries of giving at least one specific reference to the text for each meaning entered.

Notes from the Capital

Walter Hines Page

A RUGGED face, eccentric in the lines of its high forehead, large nose, full eyes and lips, and tapering chin; a voice so vigorous as to be sometimes explosive; an air of energy modified by the temperament of a dreamer and the passage of sixty-two birthdays: here we have the outward and visible personality of our American Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, Walter Hines Page. Don't confuse him with the other Page, yclept Thomas Nelson. So many people used to, in the old times when both were authors, that the two were continually exchanging misdelivered mail; and now that both are in the diplomatic service it would not be surprising if they were keeping up the habit.

If you were to ask Walter Page how he comes to be where he is now, he would tell you that after a considerable apprenticeship in journalism he was graduated into literature, and from that in turn passed into diplomacy. It should be noted, however, that his literary career was not along the lines we usually have in mind when we use the phrase. His interest seems always to have been in the utilitarian rather than in the æsthetic application of letters. The little fiction he has turned out is not fiction in the stricter sense, but a framework of autobiography draped with enough colored trappings to make it pass for a product of the imagination, and he has invariably employed it to promote some special cause. All his historical, descriptive, and essay work has hinged upon some economic or social or scientific ideal he was trying to expound to his contemporaries. So tireless is he that one is sometimes tempted to wonder whether he ever finds time to eat and sleep like other men. When he was editing the *Forum* and the *Atlantic Monthly*, and to some extent after he had become an owner as well as editor of the *World's Work*, his standard grievance appeared to be that circumstances forbade his writing all the articles himself. As it was, he trusted as little as possible to chance for his supply of material; two-thirds of the contributions he published were ordered of their authors, with more or less detailed suggestions of what they should contain, and rarely did any see print till he had built up a passage here, and cut down one there, and thinned one out somewhere else. He had a morbid horror of any style squinting at hifalutin, and it was like baiting the correspondence-censor in wartime to try to slip past him a figure of speech that was

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not fairly bolted fast to its topic. When he had finished his improvements, his authors were not always quite sure where their own work had ended and the editor's begun. This system, naturally, did not make for the greatest variety of treatment or elegance of expression; but what Page was after was not the advertisement of authors, but the stimulation of the popular mind. He liked to have well-known men in all walks of life write for his periodicals, but he was not in the market to bid high for empty names.

Hobbies are not inconsistent with clarity of purpose or sobriety of thought, and as an editor Page had his. Perhaps the leading one was his yearning to break down the barriers between the several sections of this country and, above all, to release the South from the fetters of a provincialism which had stunted the growth of so many parts of it and retarded their recovery from the effects of the Civil War. Whenever he travelled, and in whatever he wrote or influenced others to write, he kept that idea well to the front. He was one of the small group of "original Wilson men" of Southern birth who never let go till they had accomplished their end, and I suspect that he was moved less by special admiration for the talents or achievements of his hero, than by a feeling that the time was ripe for putting into the Presidency a Southerner of modern training and associations, with the intelligence to distinguish between mulishness and conservatism; since, next to the expansion of its outlook and the diversification of its interests, the most potent instrumentality for the regeneration of the South would be the inducement of the rest of the Union to see it in the light of its larger possibilities.

Although making no pretensions to oratory, Page talks freely on his feet, and for years has been in frequent demand as an after-dinner speaker and for dedicatory and similar occasional addresses. It is one of the traditional functions of an American Ambassador in England to take a rhetorical part in all sorts of festivities, and Page has come in for his share. He soon discovered that there is a dynamitish quality about the most innocently intended phraseology if it is sifted through a cable message and then brought into contact with the electric intellect of Congress. Before he had passed his first season in London he was severely criticised here for saying, at a public dinner, that "Americans lack the experience of Englishmen in generous hospitality and their familiarity with the finer courtesies of life," and then explaining, in a half-apologetic tone, that in spite of all this they do have some good qualities. A few months later an attempt was made in the Senate to have him recalled or reprimanded for setting forth, at a like entertainment, a milk-and-water version of the Monroe Doctrine and a too self-abnegating representation of the Panama Canal as America's gift to the whole world. It is perhaps needless to add that the full stenographic report of his speeches, when obtained, did not bear out these premature abstracts, so that, though he had the annoying experience of being called upon by Secretary Bryan to defend himself, nothing more serious ever came of the complaints. But Page had no notion of giving his foes again even the poor satisfaction they had got out of these incidents; and to the next dinner where he was to be called upon he took his remarks with him in typewritten form, and read them from his manuscript, so that no one could have any excuse whatever for misrepresenting him.

TATTLER.

War Plays in London

TWO of the best war plays we have seen—the praise is not extravagant—have been produced during the past few weeks. In "General Post" at the Haymarket, Mr. J. E. Harold Terry has seized, with a happy instinct, upon one of the social phenomena resulting from the war, and has made it the basis of a comedy full of pleasant humor and good feeling. The title refers to the child's game in which "General Post" is the signal for all the players to scurry around and change places. Just such a hurry-scurry has been going on ever since, in 1914, the Kaiser cried "General Post!" to all the world. It has been a movement, in the main, of grisly tragedy, but it has also its lighter side, which is fair game for the comic dramatist; and Mr. Terry has made skilful use of the opportunity.

The first act takes place in 1911. Sir Dennys Broughton, a Tory baronet of the most inveterate type, is full of scorn for the Territorial system introduced by the hated Liberal Government—a sentiment entirely shared by his mildly conventional wife and his well-groomed idler of a son, who has no ambitions beyond the limits of the tennis-court. His daughter Betty, on the other hand, is a girl with brains. She has gone in for social work in the neighboring town, and has made the acquaintance of her father's tailor, Mr. Edward Smith, who is a man of education and character and a captain in the despised Territorials. Imagine the horror of the Broughton household when it appears that local gossip is connecting Betty's name with that of Smith, and when, moreover, Betty defiantly confesses that she is in love with him! Sir Dennys has to face a painful interview with Smith, who, however, meets him half way by telling him that he has arranged to leave the town and take over the management of the London branch of his business. He is as anxious as Sir Dennys to nip local gossip in the bud, for it would lose him all his customers. Then he has a scene with Betty, in which she practically throws herself at his head, while he, without saying whether he loves her or not, points out to her the impossibility of marriage between them, and goes off, leaving her angry and humiliated.

Four years pass and we are in 1915. Sir Dennys is proudly wearing the gray uniform of a private in the home-defence volunteers, and is loud in praise of the deeds of the Territorials, having persuaded himself that he was from the first an ardent supporter of the movement. The son, Alec, has passed through an Officers' Training Corps, and has been gazetted to a Territorial regiment. A telephone message arrives to say that he is motoring down to see his parents, and is bringing his Colonel with him. Sir Dennys's first impulse is to hurry into plain clothes, lest he should have to salute his son and stand at attention while speaking to him. Alec's arrival, however, cuts off his retreat, and the difficulties of the situation as between father and son fade into nothingness when it appears that Alec's Colonel (for whom he has an enthusiastic admiration) is none other than Edward Smith. Poor Sir Dennys's struggles to reconcile social prejudice with military etiquette afford some excellent touches of comedy; but, numskull though he be, he is really a gentleman, and all goes well. Betty, on the other hand, delicately but spitefully takes her revenge on Colonel Smith for the humiliation he inflicted on her in the first act; and Lady Brough-

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ton, who cannot reconcile herself all of a sudden to the freaks of "General Post," treats the Colonel in a way which puts his tact to a very severe test.

The third act is easily foreseen. Its date is "19—?"—after the war—and it consists in the conquest of the reluctant Betty by the famous Brig.-Gen. Smith, V.C., the hero of some immortal feat of arms. All this is commonplace enough, but it is handled with a good deal of ingenuity. The sentiment of the piece is throughout excellent, and, though it no doubt idealizes both external conditions and the effect of the war upon character, there is a considerable substratum of truth in it. The British Snob has learnt many a lesson during the past two years; and in many cases—like that of Alec Broughton in this play—he has taken quite kindly to his education, and come out of it (if he has come out of it at all) a first-rate fellow.

The second war play is "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," called, for some inscrutable reason, "a salute in one act," by Sir James Barrie. Mrs. Dowey, an old Scotch charwoman, and three of her cronies are sitting round a table discussing their "men" at the war, and the charwoman contrives to make all the others jealous by her quiet boasting of the glories of her son's regiment, the "Black Watch," and of the boy's affection for his old mother. Then the local clergyman comes in with the announcement that young Dowey has come home on leave and will soon be there. Mrs. Dowey receives the news with a curious perturbation, and the others discreetly withdraw when a young Highlander is seen approaching. We are not altogether surprised—for we know our Barrie—when it appears that Private Dowey is not Mrs. Dowey's son at all. She never had any children; but she is ashamed to have no one belonging to her in the war, and, seeing in the lists a young man of her own name, has pretended to herself and to others that he is her son. The curate has come across him in some hostel for men on leave and has amazed him with the news that he has a mother awaiting him. At first the *fils malgré lui* is indignant, contemptuous, almost brutal; but gradually the old woman's wistful affection wins upon him, and when his week's leave is over he parts from her as from a mother indeed. In a final scene of two minutes, we see her putting away in a drawer the cherished relics of her soldier-lad; for her week of motherhood is all she will ever know—the boy is dead. If you relish—as I do—the Barrie brand of humor and tenderness, you will find it here at its best; but it is not for all palates.

Along with this little comedy of tears, Mr. Dion Boucicault presents at the New Theatre the dramatic first-fruits of Mr. A. A. Milne, of *Punch*, in the shape of a two-act comedietta called "Wurzel-Flummery." It is suggested, I imagine, by Charles Lamb's "Mr. H." An eccentric testator has left to two rising M. P.'s, Robert Crashaw and Richard Meriton, a fortune of £50,000 apiece on condition that each of them takes the name of Wurzel-Flummery. It is represented that he has made up this grotesque name with the cynical purpose of demonstrating the baseness of human nature, and showing that men will do anything for money. Crashaw, a pompous noodle, makes out that in accepting the bequest he is performing a sacred duty to his country; while Meriton, who is on the point of refusing it, is persuaded by his lady-love that if he does so he will be selfishly preferring his own personal dignity to their life's happiness. The piece is witty and amusing, but has the obvious defect of seeming to propound a problem where no real problem exists. If the eccentric testator imagined that he was perpetrating a Swiftian jibe at human nature, he was a very foolish old gentleman. There is no moral question involved—nothing that calls for either approbation or disapprobation, sympathy or antipathy. If any one chooses to leave me a fortune on like conditions, I shall gladly let him have his joke while I have his money, and shall consider that I have the best of the bargain. Thousands of people go through life quite contentedly with names far more distasteful than Wurzel-Flummery. Mr. Milne's play was much better received than poor Charles Lamb's; but it is no more advisable now than a hundred years ago to found a play upon a freak of nomenclature.

A third war play, by the by, is perhaps worth mentioning—Mr. H. F. Maltby's "Petticoats" at the Garrick Theatre. I must speak of it in the past tense, for its career was short and inglorious. Mr. Maltby, like Mr. Harold Terry, essayed to deal with one of the social phenomena of the moment, but in a spirit of burlesque rather than of comedy. He supposed that the war had gone on so long that there were no men left in England except some senile generals at the War Office. All the professions, all the trades, were filled with women; in the whole long cast there was not a single man; and the joke of the piece lay in the frantic eagerness with which every one intrigued for the first sight of the first man that should return from France at the end of the war. I say advisedly "the joke," for there was practically only that one; and the way in which the changes were rung upon it became inexpressibly wearisome. In a very faint and far-off way the piece was like the "Lysistrata" reversed; but Mr. Maltby is unfortunately a very heavy-handed Aristophanes.

The Pioneer Players, a very well-managed side-show society, gave us the other day a translation of a Dutch play of considerable power—"The Hired Girl," a tragi-comedy in two acts by Herman Heijermans. It shows how a young wife has, in a moment of madness, forgotten her faith to her absent husband, and has thereby put herself in the power of a malicious maid-servant, who makes life a torment to her. The woman's delight in her insolent tyranny is so intense as to be self-defeating; for when the husband returns he cannot but see that there is something very far wrong and, with the disclosure of the secret, the tyrant's reign is at an end. But malignity, in radically evil natures, is often superior to self-interest, so that it cannot be said that even in this respect the picture is overdone. It is poignantly dramatic, and so vivid that its painfulness is in great measure redeemed. Dutch critics, I am told, have dealt with it severely and called it second-hand Strindberg; but it has none of that hovering on the border-line of insanity which, for some of us, vitiates so much of Strindberg's work.

You in America, who have never known the blessings of an irresponsible dramatic censorship, will perhaps scarcely understand the amazement with which we, whose recollections go back to mid-Victorian days, see Brieux's "Les Avariés" publicly performed with the full sanction of the Lord Chamberlain, and with great pecuniary success. This is, of course, a social and not an artistic phenomenon. The production of Brieux's vigorous pamphlet is simply a move in a campaign against contagious disease which has strong medical influence behind it. But before the war no amount of influence could have worked such a miracle as the procuring of a license for "Damaged Goods."

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Another mark of the gulf which divides us from the Victorian Age is the revival by the Stage Society (at private performances, it is true) of various Restoration comedies in all their unexpurgated grossness. They began with Farquhar's "Recruiting Officer," went on to Congreve's "Double Dealer," and surpassed themselves last week with the same author's "Love for Love." Here, I confess, my sympathies are retrograde. In the case of "Love for Love," in particular, I consider the relentless wading through thick and thin a very unpleasing pedantry. "Where would you draw the line?" it may be asked. "If the play is to be revived at all, we want to see it as Congreve wrote it, not as you and other old fogies presume to think he ought to have written it." My answer is, in the first place, that I see no pressing necessity for its revival. It belongs to a happily dead convention, of great historical interest, but as foreign to the spiritual and social life of to-day as Ramillies wigs and steel-hilted rapiers. It was a tough old convention, that which made artificial "wit" the be-all and end-all of comedy. It dominated and vitiated the English drama for more than two centuries. Odd survivals of it were to be found in literature even down to the days of Meredith; but the stage is now happily quit of it. I have, however, no objection to the revival of Congreve and his compeers; there is no danger of their reinfecting us with the mania for verbal wit; what I deny is that their sheer nastiness is an essential part of whatever merit they possess. It is quite possible to give us all the wit and all the cynicism of "Love for Love" without forcing us every now and then to hold our noses or rather to wish that we could do so. It is a poor compliment to Congreve to hold that his genius is inseparable from the crass malodorousness of which our ancestors were so strangely tolerant.

Three of the parts in "Love for Love"—Foresight, Sir Sampson, and Ben—were very cleverly played, and some of the scenes proved to have a good deal of comic vitality. But the general effect of the performance was to confirm one's impression of the great inferiority of the comedy to "The Way of the World." Angelica is a poor profile compared with Millamant, one of the most bewitching and rounded creations ever put on the stage. Why was Ada Rehan never suffered to play it? She would have been perfection itself in the part. That the late Mr. Daly did not see this is a sin of omission one finds it hard to forgive him.

WILLIAM ARCHER

London, April 19

Reviews of Plays

BARRIE AT THE EMPIRE

WE trust that the generosity of Mr. Hayman and the Charles Frohman Company, who have promised the profits of "an evening with J. M. Barrie" at the Empire Theatre to the Stage Women's War Relief, will be rewarded by the considerable run which these three one-act plays manifestly deserve. Certainly Barrie was never more himself than in two of these productions. Probably no other playwright in recent times has been able to produce the full effect of his genius with so little effort. This is the main impression derived from this fresh contact with him. "The New Word" sketches a situation which when presented must strike every one as being one of the most poignant in the everyday life of England to-day, yet one which because of its very commonplace nature would doubtless never have occurred to another dramatist as having dramatic possibilities. A boy of nineteen is trying on for the first time his uniform preparatory to serving as a second lieutenant in the war. The mother and sister are in a flutter while waiting for him to dress. The father sits uneasily dreading the talk which he knows he must have alone with his son before the latter leaves home. Between mother and son there has always been a ready sympathy, whereas between father and son there has existed the not uncommon embarrassment arising from the deepest sort of mutual respect. The father attempts to put the son at ease by offering him a cigar, although he had previously commanded him not to smoke until he was twenty-one. The son is suspicious and fears in particular the father's habit of sarcasm, to which, be it known, he used to resort to conceal his real feelings towards the boy. Obviously this is not a situation which can be described in detail in a review notice. The thing is itself as light as air, and only Barrie's delicate fancy keeps it captive until the curtain falls. In the end father and son, under the stress of this sombre parting, each get a glimpse of the relation which actually exists between them, and the boy, who ordinarily is shy in showing affection, is able to say "dear father"—"the new word." Norman Trevor was excellent as the father, and Gareth Hughes made a good figure as the stripling.

Following this was a piece which the author was probably induced to write in order to add to the propaganda favoring temporary prohibition. It has so little to commend it that even the sound acting of Lyn Harding and Eileen Huban fails of much effect. The play attempts to enforce the point that even a lovely daughter may inherit her father's addiction to liquor.

For a sketch of the third and most engaging piece, "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," we will ask our readers to turn to Mr. Archer's letter, which we publish in another column. It contains delicious touches, as when the old lady wears one of the wraps presented to her by her "boy" and carries the other "casual-like" over her arm. It would be hard to imagine a better representation of the part than that given by Beryl Mercer. John McFarlane made an impressive picture as the huge "Kilty."

F.

Finance

Moods of the Market

THE sudden turn in the course of Stock Exchange prices which occurred a week ago—carrying the market from weakness and inactivity into great activity and strength—was no doubt immediately inspired by the news from Russia. The whole governmental system in that country had seemed to be disintegrating; even one of the Socialist members of the Provisional Cabinet had bitterly declared in public, "Sometimes I regret that I did not die two months ago, when the dream of a new life was growing in the hearts of the Russian people."

Bonds of Russia's 6½ per cent. war loan, placed in this country a year ago at 94¾, due to mature in 1919, and payable interest and principal in American dollars, had fallen early last week to 79½. The 5½ per cent. Russian loan of last November, floated at above 90, had fallen to 75.

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At those prices, allowing for the discount in the subscription price, and for redemption at par two to four years from now, the net investment yield at the figures quoted would be 20 per cent. per annum on the one bond and 15 on the other. But those were prices such as the curb would bid for short-term notes of a railway about to go into the hands of a receiver.

News of the compromise between the Provisional Government and the Workmen and Soldiers Federation, of the "coalition Government" and its purposes, and of our own Government's $100,000,000 loan to Russia, not only caused a violent recovery in the 6½ per cents to 90 and the 5½s to 83½, but had a hand in the general advance on the New York Stock Exchange. It is reasonable to suppose, however, that this general recovery reflected a change in point of view regarding other matters also. The extremely pessimistic feeling which prevailed a fortnight ago regarding Russia's own political situation and her attitude towards the war was only one instance of a general reaction in sentiment from the cheerfulness and enthusiasm of a month ago. The hopeful spirit and the predictions based upon it had undoubtedly gone beyond the realities of the situation. But the gloomy predictions which followed went quite as much too far in the opposite direction.

In April, the French and English armies were to drive the Germans easily across the Rhine; the Russian offensive was to be immensely strengthened because the incompetent Imperial régime had been overthrown; the submarine campaign was already a failure; the $2,000,000,000 American war loan was to be oversubscribed within a fortnight. From such impulsive expectations and predictions, reaction was inevitable. Circumstances helped it along, as they usually do on such occasions; and for two or three weeks we heard little except that the Western movement of the Allies had been permanently checked, that Russia was headed for a separate peace, that England was already confronted with famine, and that the war loan was going very badly.

It was the emerging from this second and hysterical stage that was marked by last week's recovery on the Stock Exchange, and that recovery doubtless foreshadowed a similar return to balance and common-sense by the community at large. It does not follow that either the markets or the people have shaken off all doubts and reservations. Misgivings will recur, and events will happen to encourage them. But it may at least be reckoned on that hysteria will hereafter play a smaller part and that developments at home or abroad, for good or ill, will be judged with calmness and intelligence.

The past week's developments have done something towards clearing up an obscure horizon. Russia is still the great uncertainty, and probably will remain so for some time to come. But we have at least learned that the Allied armies on the French frontier are still in aggressive fighting trim. We know that the achievements of Germany's undersea pirate vessels are not growing progressively larger, and that our navy is already lending effective aid towards checking their depredations. The canvass for our Government's war loan has been taken efficiently in hand; disturbance of the money market has been guarded against, and the people who had the loan three times oversubscribed on May 1 and who were classing it as a failure on May 10 can now accept the judgment of experienced financiers, that, at any rate, the $2,000,000,000 requisition will be amply covered—though only after a thorough and scientific canvass. Not the least noteworthy incident of last week was the change to favorable weather conditions in the Western grain belt, giving a promise for the spring crops which was not in sight while the prolonged and unseasonable cold spell continued.

Beyond these considerations, it is difficult to see. The Stock Exchange, like the rest of the country, has learned that this is a war of unexpected developments. Both those who have predicted its early termination and those who have predicted much longer duration have been careful to qualify their prophecies. Not even Wall Street is reading with any confidence the riddle of the political situation at home in Germany. Yet the Chancellor's speech, as well as the extraordinarily daring predictions in the Reichstag that the Imperial dynasty may have to go, are indications that events are moving more rapidly in the domestic politics of Europe than at the battle-front.

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FICTION.

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Bower, B. M. Starr of the Desert. Little, Brown. $1.35 net.
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Williams, A. R. In the Claws of the German Eagle. Dutton. $1.50 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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Brownell, W. C. Standards. Scribner. $1 net.
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Coleridge, S. An Evening in My Library Among the English Poets. Lane. $1.25 net.
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Coolidge, A. C. Three Peace Congresses of the Nineteenth Century and Claimants to Constantinople. Harvard University Press. 75 cents net.
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Hale, E. E. The Man Without a Country. Old Glory Edition. Little, Brown.
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Kipling, R. A Diversity of Creatures. Doubleday, Page. $1.30.
Kohler, P. Madame de Staël et la Suisse. Paris, France: Librairie Payot & Cie.
Livingstone, R. W. A Defence of Classical Education. Macmillan. $1.40 net.
McCaleb, W. F. Happy: The Life of a Bee. Harper. 75 cents net.
MacCauley, C. Krause's League for Human Right and Thereby World Peace. Privately printed.
Maciver, R. M. Community: A Sociological Study. Macmillan. $3.75 net.
Mantz, H. E. French Criticism of American Literature before 1850. Columbia University Press.
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Meikle, W. Towards a Sane Feminism. McBride. $1.25 net.

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Prévost, M. Benoit Castain. Translated by A. C. Richmond. Macmillan. $1.
Richmond, M. E. Social Diagnosis. Russell Sage Foundation. $2 net.
Rinehart, M. R. The Altar of Freedom. Houghton Mifflin. 50 cents net.
Sherman, S. P. Matthew Arnold. How to Know Him. Bobbs-Merrill.
Slosson, E. E. Six Major Prophets. Little, Brown. $1.50 net.
Stirling, C. Y. Fundamentals of Naval Service. Lippincott. $2 net.
The Edith Cavell Nurse of Massachusetts. Boston: Butterfield. 60 cents.
The King's Highway Series: The Way of the Gate. The Way of the Green Pastures. Macmillan. 65 cents each.
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Decker, F. H. Truths that Save. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1 net.
Hatch, W. H. P. The Pauline Idea of Faith. Harvard Theological Studies. Vol. II. Harvard University Press.
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POETRY

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Masefield, J. Lollingdon Downs and Other Poems. Macmillan. $1.25.
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Underwood, J. C. War Flames. Macmillan. $1.35 net.

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Jones, F. W. Arboreal Man. Longmans, Green. $2.40 net.
Leavitt, F. M., and Brown, E. Elementary Social Science. Macmillan. 80 cents.
Shipley, A. E. Studies in Insect Life. T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.
Whipple, G. C. State Sanitation. Harvard University Press.

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Summary of the News

THE Draft bill, as agreed upon in conference of the two houses, was finally passed by the Senate on May 17 and signed by the President the following day. Immediately after signing it President Wilson issued a proclamation giving effect to its provisions and appointing June 5 as the day of registration. The new force, the official title of which will be the National Army, will be divided into sixteen divisions of 28,000 men each. Secretary Baker stated last week that the drafted men would not be mobilized before September 1 on account of "depletion of supplies." President Wilson has also ordered the mobilization of the National Guard for Federal service from July 15 to August 5.

AMERICAN troops will, however, be on the firing line before September. President Wilson ordered an expeditionary force of approximately one division of regular troops, under Major-Gen. John J. Pershing, to proceed to France at the earliest possible moment, Gen. Pershing and his staff preceding the troops to the fighting area. Attached to the force will be a regiment of United States Marines, 2,600 strong, which will consist of picked officers and men who have seen service recently in Haiti, Santo Domingo, and Cuba. The decision to dispatch this force is believed to be in direct response to the desire of our French allies, expressed by Marshal Joffre and more recently by Gen. Pétain in a statement given to the press on May 15. Meanwhile, the first contingent of the American army has already reached the other side. This is a unit of the Medical Corps, whose arrival at a British port was announced on May 18.

IN its final form the Draft bill included the so-called Roosevelt amendment, empowering the President to authorize the raising of four volunteer divisions. President Wilson, however, will not avail himself of Col. Roosevelt's offer. He issued a statement on May 18 in which he paid tribute to the Colonel's patriotism and efforts, but decided against the project on the grounds that it would "seriously interfere" with the military plans of the Administration and would "contribute practically nothing to the effective strength of the armies now engaged against Germany." Col. Roosevelt gave out a statement to those who had volunteered for his force on Sunday formally renouncing the project.

PLANS for the immediate expansion of the regular army to its full war strength of 293,000 were also given out early last week. These contemplate the organization of forty-five new regiments of infantry, cavalry, and field artillery, as authorized by Congress in 1915 for accomplishment within a five-year period. The orders now issued by the President call for the formation of twenty-seven regiments of infantry, twelve of field artillery, and six of cavalry. Officials last week were said to express confidence that the full quota of enlistments would be reached by June 15. It cannot rightly be said, however, that the outlook is encouraging. Some hundred thousand recruits are still required and enlistments during the last few days have fallen off.

OTHER measures of preparation are progressing in Congress, though not with the dispatch that many would like to see. Indeed, criticism by press and public of Congressional dilatoriness stung the Senate last week to devote an alleged secret session to an airing of its grievances against the Administration, which was accused variously of failing to take Congress into its confidence in the preparation of measures and of presenting measures for prompt action which were imperfectly prepared. Congressional delay over the desired legislation regarding food control was presumably the President's reason for issuing on Saturday a comprehensive statement on the Administration's programme, for the carrying out of which, he declared, it was absolutely necessary that he should receive "unquestionable powers." At the same time the President announced the acceptance by Herbert C. Hoover of the post of Food Administrator. Further debate is expected in the Senate, not so much on the appointment of Mr. Hoover as on the scope of the powers which he shall receive. Mr. Hoover on May 19 also issued a clear statement explaining the principles on which he would administer his new office.

FURTHER loans were made to the Allies last week: $50,000,000 additional to Great Britain and $100,000,000 to Russia. It was also announced that the Government had undertaken to finance the relief work in Belgium and Northern France by monthly advances of $12,500,000. Mr. Hoover issued a statement on the question on May 17.

ANOTHER decrease in shipping losses by submarines and mines was recorded in the British list for the week ending May 13. Eighteen vessels of more than 1,600 tons and five of less than that amount were sunk, while nineteen were unsuccessfully attacked. Arrivals were 2,568; sailings, 2,552.

A TRAGIC accident occurred on the American liner Mongolia on Sunday afternoon, when, during gun practice, two Red Cross nurses were killed and a third injured as a result of a peculiar rebound by part of a defective shell. The Mongolia returned to port and the matter is under investigation by the Navy Department.

NEWS that a squadron of American torpedo-boat destroyers had crossed the Atlantic and was coöperating in patrol work with the British fleet was received in dispatches from Queenstown of May 16. The squadron is under the command of Rear-Admiral Sims. Announcement was also made on May 18 of the arrival of a number of Japanese gunboats at Marseilles to assist in the war on submarines and in convoying French merchantmen.

AFFAIRS in Russia appear to have taken a turn for the better, despite the regrettable resignation of Professor Milyukov from the post of Foreign Minister, which was announced on May 16. His successor is M. Tereschtenko. A coalition Cabinet has been agreed upon, in which the Council of Soldiers' and Workmen's Deputies have representatives; the resignations of Gen. Brussilov and other military leaders have not been accepted, and they have returned to their commands; M. Kerensky, who appears to be the "strong man" of the revolution, has succeeded M. Guchkov as Minister of War, and has issued a firm statement declaring his intention and ability to enforce discipline in the army. The policies of the new Ministry were made public in a formal declaration published in Sunday's papers. It abjures all idea of a separate peace, and expresses the conviction that the defeat of the Allies would be a calamity, but announces as the aim of the Provisional Government a general peace with no indemnities and no annexations. Amplifying this general statement, Premier Lvov, on Sunday, declared that Russia could not consent to leave under the yoke of German militarism her territories at present in the occupation of the enemy, nor could she be indifferent to the fate of Belgium, Servia, and Rumania. At the same time M. Tereschtenko issued a statement endorsing that of Prince Lvov and opposing the publication of Russia's treaties concluded with her allies under the old régime—one of the demands of the extremists—as calculated to bring about a separate peace and a rupture with the Allies.

RUSSIAN leaders have taken their decision in spite of the charming of the German Chancellor, who made his long-looked-for speech—but not on Germany's war aims—on May 15. All of a definite nature that he said was addressed to Russia. For her, if she should renounce aims of conquest and desire fraternal relations with her neighbor, everything should be made easy. For the rest the Chancellor turned alternately to right and left, defying Junkers and Socialists alike to make him say on what terms Germany should have peace. It was undeniably an effective speech, and one gathers from German press comments that, though rumblings of discontent are still heard, the Chancellor's position has been strengthened by it.

MILITARY operations on a grand scale appear to have been resumed on the western front. The Germans were cleared out of Bullecourt last week, after particularly sanguinary struggles, which Berlin describes as a voluntary evacuation, and the beginning of this week was marked by a new advance of the British forces on the Fontaine-Bullecourt line which threatens the whole Croisilles salient. At the same time Gen. Nivelle made a successful stroke at the Moronvillers sector, in the Champagne. More welcome still is the news of the Italian offensive, which we foreshadowed last week, on the Isonzo front. The most important gain is the crest of Monte Cucco, north of Gorizia, which was taken on May 17, and the possession of which should materially assist operations against the Carso plateau. As we write, the Italians are also nearing the crest of Monte Vodice. The Italian offensive has had the support of British heavy artillery.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S proposals for settling the Irish question were outlined in the form of a letter addressed to Mr. Redmond on May 17, and were presented to the House of Commons on Monday. There were alternate proposals: one contemplating the exclusion of six counties of Ulster and the creation of a Council of Ireland, the other suggesting a convention of all parties of Irishmen to formulate a scheme for the self-government of Ireland. The former plan was promptly rejected by Mr. Redmond, and in Monday's debate the Government wasted no time over its obsequies. The idea of the convention was accepted with cordiality by Mr. Redmond and was not rejected by Sir John Lonsdale, speaking for Ulster. The general impression seems to be that at least it offers a hope of settlement.

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